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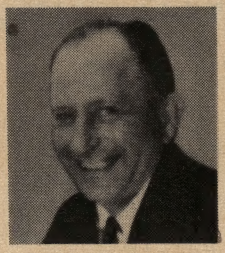

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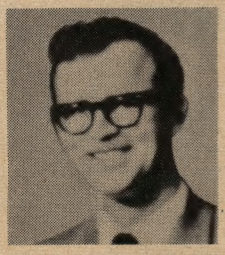

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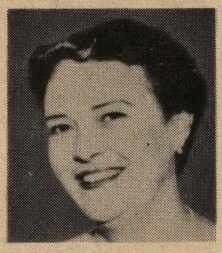

"My salary is 305% more than when I first started. I am employed by the state of Alabama as an Accountant. Being a LaSalle graduate has meant so much!" — Mrs. Anne P. Cox, Elmore, Alabama.

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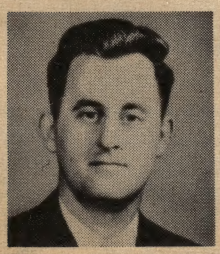

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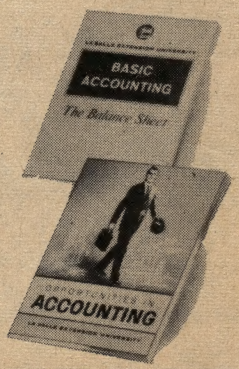

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City & Zone.....State.....

Occupation.....Working Hours....AM....PM

155

MAN'S CONQUEST

DECEMBER, 1963 / VOL. 8, NO. 5

"Stand-or-die" saga at Salerno 38

World wide passion-paradises 16

Cuba's savage counterrevolution 20

TRUE ADVENTURE

"MY 19-YEAR MANHUNT FOR THE BUTCHER OF *STALAG* 13" ..... by MARTIN SLOVAT 12
Half a lifetime later, in a New Jersey supermarket, he heard the guttural voice of SS Oberleutnant Carl Hessler—the Gestapo sadist he'd sworn to kill.

SHANGHAI REAGAN'S CHINA-DOLL MARAUDERS ..... by PHIL ROCK 34
Shanghai's plushest bordello was this Air Force sergeant's WW II command post. But even more fantastic were the five luscious joy-girls in his guerrilla "army."

SALERNO'S FIVE ACRES OF HELL .by JOSEPH ANDREWS 38
Saga of the first GI's to crack Italy's back door and their legendary "stand-or-die" battle that crushed Nazi Germany's best panzers.

EXPOSE

WOMEN AROUND THE WORLD ..... by KENT ADDISON 16
. . . Or a man's guide to today's best sin-spots—a confidential rundown on international passion partners, from sultry blondes to giggling geishas.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SEXMANSHIP ..... by J. K. CARTER 24
An eminent authority's frank and bold report on today's high-scoring Casanovas.

EXCLUSIVE

PHANTOM LEGION THAT STILL BATTLES CASTRO ..... by TOM DIEGO 20
Behind-the-headlines exclusive on Cuba's four Freedom Brigades and their savage war of liberation only 90 miles from Florida.

THE RED ARMY REBELLION THAT ROCKED RUSSIA ..... by FLOYD GIBBS 26
Incredible story of Marshal Andrei Vlasov's anti-communist army and their heroic fight against the commissars in the Kremlin.

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Gary Lane, *Managing Editor*
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STERLING

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Incredible to behold—but real 30

SEEING IS BELIEVING with JUNE WILKINSON 30
This tall, talented bundle of staggering statistics (42½-26-39) now has a Hollywood career beckoning to her.

CONQUEST CLOSE-UPS.... 6

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.. 8

CONFIDENTIALS 10

"HOW A 'CRAZY RUMOR' GOT ME PROMOTED!"

What I overheard one morning shook me right out of a rut!

"Company's getting ready to cut back . . . bound to be layoffs," I heard them say. "Just another crazy rumor," I told myself.

Just the same, I took quick stock of myself that night. Came up with four good reasons why the company would keep me on:

Three years' experience
Getting along with foreman
Turning out acceptable work
Prompt and dependable

And four just-as-good reasons why they might let me go:

Making no real headway
Others better qualified
Still rated "semi-skilled"
Needs special training

I wasn't in trouble. But I sure wasn't "in solid" like I should be. That's when I made up my mind to enroll for training with I.C.S.

I picked I.C.S. because it's the oldest and largest with over 250 courses. The training is quick and thorough. It's recognized by my company and accredited by the National Home Study Council. You study in your spare time and get personalized, practical instruction—know-how you can apply next day on the job.

That was a year ago. There have been two layoffs since then. While some of the others were just hanging on or being released, I was moving up. My I.C.S. training started something. Not only did it get me promoted (with a fat pay hike), but it put me in line for real advancement.

Don't wait for a "crazy rumor" to set *you* straight. Take out your "job insurance" right now. Mail the coupon and get full, free details on how I.C.S. has helped thousands, how it can help you. No obligation—and you get three valuable booklets *free!* (1) How to Succeed; (2) Catalog of opportunities in the field of your choice; (3) Sample lesson.

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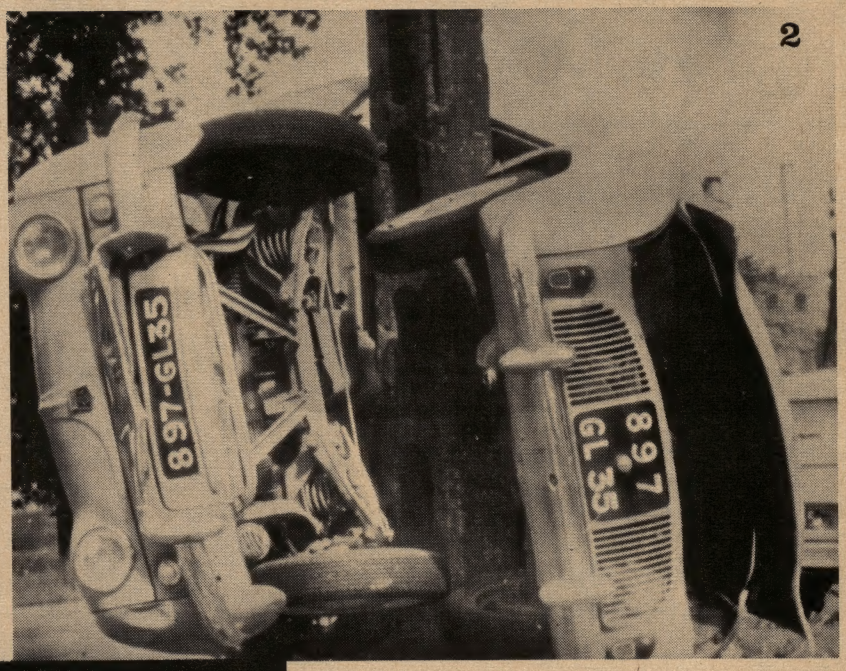

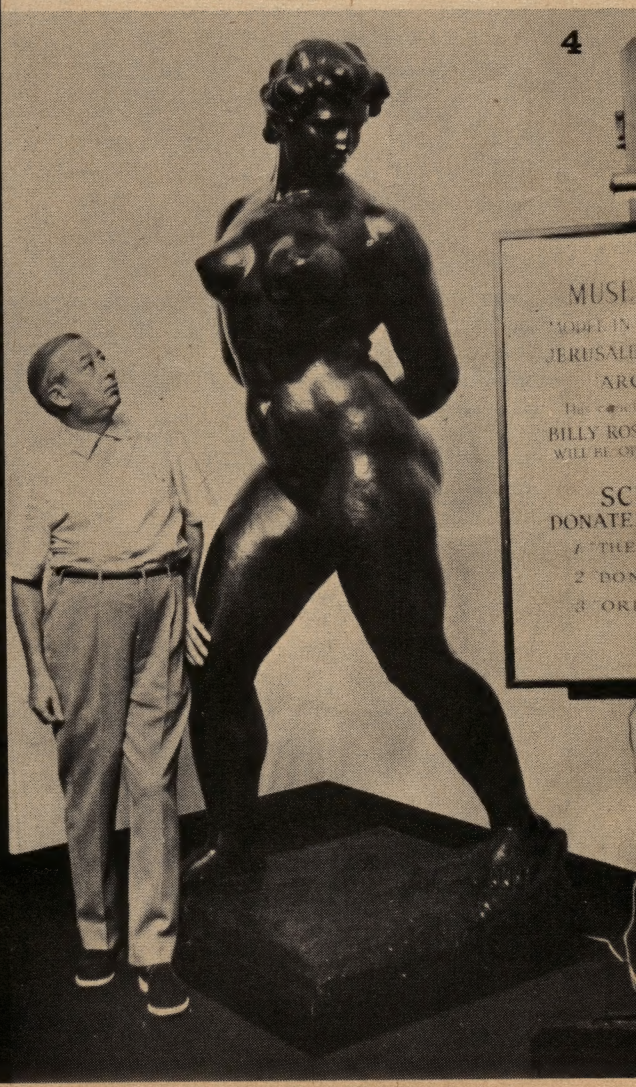

1 BALCONY ROCK
Twisting stars Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni show great form in their latest film, "Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow," a 3-part romantic-comedy now before cameras.

2 KISSING WHEELS
You can get some idea of how fast this car must have been moving (yes, it's the same one — read the license plates) to wrap itself around this steel pole killing one person.

3 STUBBORN BEARD
Paul Bunyan Criss of Webster Springs, W. Va., took 5 minutes to shave his son Phillip with this 15 lb. double-edged axe at the World Champion Lumberjack meet at Hayward, Wis.

4 STAYING BEHIND
Billy Rose, who has donated a collection of sculpture to the Jerusalem Museum of Art and Archaeology, looks up at statue, "Chained Liberty," which will remain in his N. Y. home.

Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

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Give me 15 minutes a day, and I will help you learn to speak and write like a college graduate

You have intelligence. You have ability. You have ambition. But are you getting ahead as fast as you think you should?

Let's be frank, and maybe I can save you from years of disappointment. You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go. Each of us has something special to offer, but nobody will ever know it if we cannot express ourselves fully and easily.

Think about it. Are there words you avoid using because you're not exactly sure what they mean? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty putting your true thoughts in a letter or report?

The truth is, countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women are being held back in their jobs and social lives—without knowing it—because of their English. If you are honest enough with yourself to admit these difficulties, you have already taken the first big step to success.

The next step is easy. You can *master* good English *without going back to school.* Over the years, I have helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes.*

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can *do* something about getting ahead.

Don Bolander

Don Bolander
Director, Career Institute

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of good English"?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to you. The booklet fully explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can gain a command of good English, quickly and enjoyably, at home. Just send a postcard or fill out and mail the coupon below.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 332-J, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH.

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HUERTGEN HELL

"That cover story (October) by Sylvester Fourre really captured the right mood of Huertgen — dark, dreary, and deadly. His description of the German 88 tree-top bursts was so real, I imagined I was back in the green nightmare; but worse than all the artillery were the mines. Beside the box mines and the teller mines, there were the 'screaming meemies' and the vicious jump mines—sometimes called 'jumping jennies.' Those murderous little jobs were constructed in such a way that when you triggered them, a small charge shot 'em up into the air (about waist high) before exploding. Anyone within yards was hit, and those poor guys near the center were literally cut in half. Another little neat killer the Nazi b———— planted all over the forest were anti-personnel mines made of wooden boxes—so our mine detectors couldn't pick up any traces of metal. And then the Germans planted mines on top of mines, so when you dug one out the one underneath was triggered. I could go on for pages telling you of some of the deadly booby traps we ran into in Huertgen Forest, but it'd begin to sound repetitious after a while . . .

"My thanks again to the author, and keep up the good work."

G. A.
Springfield, Mo.

COLLEGE SIN CLUBS

"I've never had much use for fraternities since I attended one of the state colleges out here, which was completely run by them . . . But your article on the nation-wide sex club frat (COLLEGE CAMPUS ORGIES, *Oct.* '63) beats anything I ever saw. I knew those frat boys were supposed to be getting all the college quail—but I never knew they had it syndicated!"

N. P.
San Francisco, Calif.

"There have been rumors and charges of sex scandals in most of the big colleges . . . but nothing as sinister as the 'free love' frats Michael Davis reported. Wild parties and panty-raids are one thing — but a national network of secret sex clubs with organized orgies is a pretty shocking development!"

R. T.
New York, N. Y.

Author Davis asks us to remind our readers that the orgies and secret sex rites he uncovered were practiced only by the self-styled free-love fraternity chapters. He found no evidence implicating any national "Greek-letter" organization.—The Editor.

UNTOUCHABLES OF 1963

". . . Your writer, Niles Peebles, did a swell job digging up the facts on today's bootlegging racket (THE UNTOUCHABLES OF 1963, *Oct.*) . . . but why didn't he bring out the reason? It's perfectly obvious why we still have big-time bootlegging almost 30 years after Repeal: Taxes! Liquor (and cigarettes) which are just about the average man's only pleasure, are the most heavily taxed of all consumer items—as much as 75% of their cost represents federal, state and local taxes. No wonder there's still such a big market for the bootleggers' cheaper product!"

J. O'D.
Boston, Mass.

"I drink moonshine whiskey and have all my life. You want to know why? Because it's cheaper and better than the stuff the big distilleries sell . . ."

L. H.
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

"TOO MUCH SEX"?

"I don't think I need inform you that you have done many men a great service by publishing your article, HOW MUCH IS "TOO MUCH SEX"? (Oct. '63). I see at least 10 patients every week whose sex ills are caused solely by such fears and superstitions. J. K. Carter's well-informed, level-headed debunking will help clear up a lot of these absurd notions . . ."

(Dr.) M. C.
Chicago, Ill.

". . . that article answered questions about virility I was too embarrassed to ask anyone. It was a particular relief to me to find out that every man has his own personal capacity . . . and that in matters of sexual performance, no man can be said to be superior or inferior."

F. W.
Lincoln, Neb.

"Baloney! No matter what they may say publicly, all women judge their men one way—and that is how often and how well they make love! The more love-making, the fewer divorces, I say!"

(Mrs.) E. G.
Waco, Texas

"You left out one very important fact. Women do more to undermine a guy's feeling of 'sexual adequacy' than anything else. The movies and women's mags have got them so full of romantic notions that when a guy does try to act human and lets himself go, they act like he's some kind of a sex fiend."

B. K.
Pontiac, Mich.

REAL MAN-HUNT

"If that doll in your October issue [Dion Garrett] is serious about finding a *real* man these days, tell her to visit our part of the country some time. Out here in Wyoming we have plenty of guys who'll show her how a girl should be courted — Western style. And if she's every inch the woman she looks like, she just might enjoy it."

A. V.
Laramie, Wyo.

BE THE MAN IN DEMAND

Train at home for a high-paying job in one of these 4 major fields

N.T.S. TRAINED TECHNICIANS ARE HIGHER PAID... MORE RESPECTED... CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS

START NOW in one of these "Big 4" Industries, and be among the most sought after technicians in America. As an N.T.S. Trained Technician you can enjoy higher pay, rapid promotion, lifelong security.

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N.T.S. Home Training is proved and tested in N.T.S. Resident School Shops and Laboratories — the oldest, largest school of its kind in the world. You learn *all phases*, and receive everything you need — Lessons, Manuals, Diagrams, big professional Kits with parts, tools, instruments for experimental, repair, service, trouble-shooting projects. Yet N.T.S. Training costs less; only 1 Low Tuition. Other schools make several courses from the material in each of our Master Courses.

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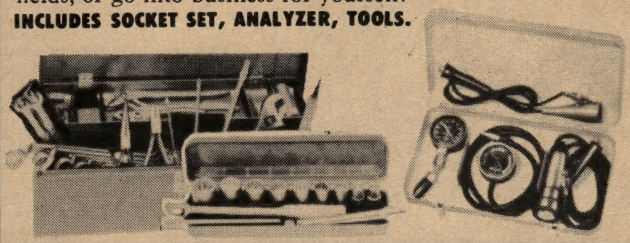

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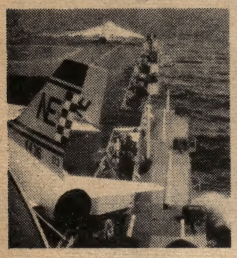

MILITARY MEMO

THE ARMED SERVICES HAVE VIRTUALLY RULED OUT OXYGEN TANK SCUBA GEAR FOR MILITARY USE. The telltale bubbles that tip off an enemy when and where our skindivers are operating is the reason. The solution—a device known as "rebreather" that use a cannister of soda lime to filter out carbon dioxide and moisture...Any American serviceman big enough or active enough to break a bed in a Madrid pleasure palace gets his next visit on the house—and free choice of girls...Pentagon brains are asking what the hell has happened to that old Yankee know-how in U.S. industry research, and are pointing to our lag in such areas as hydrofoil boats and jet aircraft capable of transporting passengers by the hundreds. European and Red shipbuilders have been making hydros for 50 years, have some models that'll travel 50 mph; we're just

getting into the swim. As for passenger jets, France and England have already sold U.S. airlines 100-man planes that'll travel 1,500 mph, and they'll be in service in a few years. A similar U.S. model, that may go as fast as 2,000 mph, won't be in production until 1971. . . .

AUTOS

From what we've heard, THE SAFEST CAR ON THE MARKET TODAY, from a standpoint of reserve braking-power, is the beetle-shaped Volkswagen. VW "brake fade" at 60 mph, after 10 panic stops, is still under 5 feet, whereas all U.S. models have a fade of more than 10 feet, and most fade as much as 50 feet or more. ("Fade," in case you're not hep to car talk, is the number of more feet it takes to halt a car from one stop to another at a given speed.)...Guys traveling to Mexico in high-powered jobs that use only premium gas are learning the hard way that the only fuel available south of the border is 90 octane. If you're thinking of making such a trip, be sure your timing is set back before you take off. . . . If you're the kind of driver who can't stay within the posted speed limit, stay out of Georgia. No matter what local Chambers of Commerce may tell you, it's still THE SPEED-TRAPPINGEST STATE IN THE U.S. . . . Latest on the seat belt front: One insurance company will cut your premium rate $3 if you install approved belts in the front seats. . . . Most car owners don't realize it, but they'd save a hell of a lot of wear and tear on their tires if they just pumped in 4 extra pounds of air each time they overloaded the old heap.... Do you KNOW WHY SO MANY STATES HAVE STARTED PAINTING SERIES OF YELLOW LINES ACROSS HIGHWAYS ON APPROACHES TO TOLL BOOTHS? They create an optical illusion, make you think you're traveling faster than you really are, cause you to slow down and thus reduce the hazard of rear-end collisions. . . .

HUNTING & FISHING

You can talk all you want about the fabulous income of American pro athletes, but THE HIGHEST PAID MAN UNDER CONTRACT IN THE SPORTS WORLD is Brazilian soccer star Edison de Nascimento, who has to struggle along on $150,000 a year. . . . Ever stop to wonder why big-game fishing boats utilize "outriggers," 2 long poles that project out from both sides of the vessel? The angler attaches his line to one of them by means of a clothespin device. This keeps the line slack even when marlin, swordfish or sail make their first pass at the bait, but don't swallow it. Then, on the return trip, when the rampaging fish makes his real strike, the line jumps out of the clothespin. When that happens, and only then, your experienced fisherman knows it's time to set the hook—and the battle is on! . . . Old-timers at lake fishing always IMMEDIATELY DE-GUT THE FIRST FISH THEY LAND. Know why? To take a look in its belly to find out what's on the menu that day. Odds are whatever recognizable food he finds there will be the bait that'll keep them striking until he's bagged his limit. . . . Sure, we all know pro football is a brutal grind, but did you also know that the average player figures he's had a good day if he's stayed on his feet 1 play in 4. . . . If you're LOOKING FOR THE TOP RABBIT HOUND, try the sad-faced, stumpy-legged basset. He moves slow and, unlike the streaking beagle, won't chase the cottontails into a hole before you've gotten off a shot. . . .

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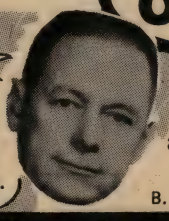

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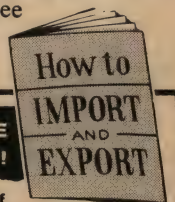

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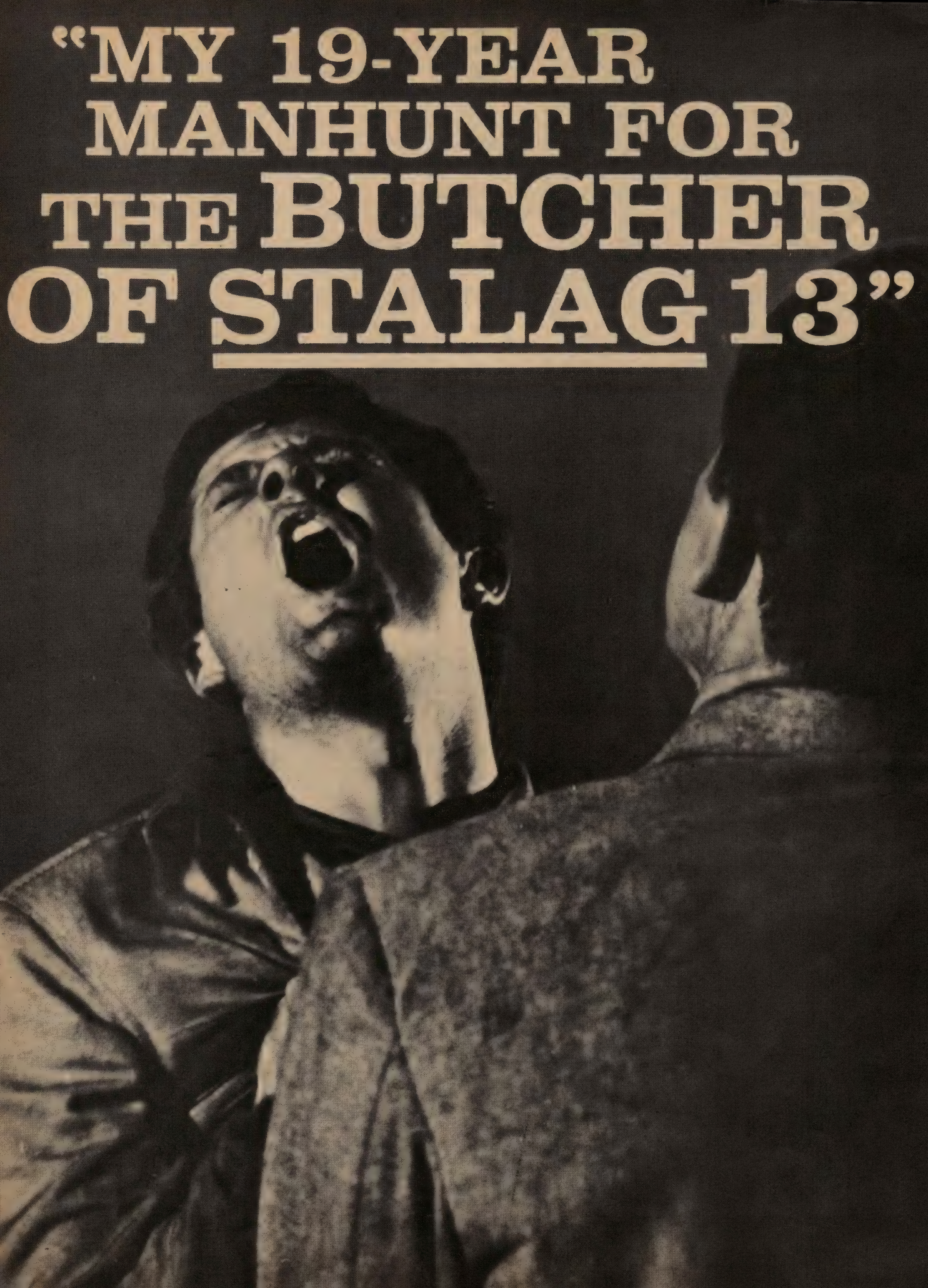
"MY 19-YEAR MANHUNT FOR THE BUTCHER OF STALAG 13"



As soon as he heard the man's guttural voice in the supermarket, the horrible POW nightmares came rushing back. Now he had his chance to even the score with SS Oberleutnant Hessler—the Gestapo sadist he'd sworn to murder.

by MARTIN SLOVAT

At first I thought it was the voice that clued me. But it wasn't, really, because there are a lot of voices just like it in this world. No, it wasn't the voice, but a word—a single word that spanned 19 years, in my case almost half a lifetime, between the torture and inhuman degradation of a Nazi prison camp in 1943 and the security, respectability and comforts that I enjoyed in the fall of 1962.

There isn't a man living—unless he's just plain psychopathic—who can nurse a gnawing conscious hate inside him for that long. At least, not so he'd notice it as something that was a part of him he could never shake off. It can stick with you, sure. It's always there, but after 19 years it gets buried, dulled, lost somewhere in the recesses of a forgetful mind. And then it happens—something brings it scrambling back to the surface like a ravaging mad dog clawing to burst free of its bonds.

That something? It could be anything. In my case it was a single word. A lousy little word—one you hear every day of the week.

I had been standing at the supermarket checkout counter in Dumont, N. J., one of New York City's once quiet, now teeming suburbs across the Hudson River, when I heard him talking to the checker at the counter behind me. He had just ordered a carton of cigarettes, punctuating the request with that word—*"Bu-leeze"*—in a way that once heard, you never forget.

I knew it was him without even having to turn around. Nobody in the world pronounced the word "please" exactly the way *SS Oberleutnant* Carl Hessler did. No Kraut I had ever known had so mastered the English language and still retained that one teutonic quirk that stuck to him like a trademark. It was Hessler, all right, there was no mistaking that. It was as if he carried a sign on his back which read: "CARL HESSLER—NAZI BUTCHER!"

My mind raced back over the years to a time when the whole civilized world was on fire. A time when I—Marty Slovat—was just a kid in his early 20's, long before I settled down, unmarried, but wrapped up in an eight to four routine as a roller jockey on a road construction gang. A time when the ack-ack over Bremerhaven sliced the tail section off our Flying Fortress, and I ended up in a German prisoner-of-war camp—Auswerstelle West, Oberursel.

In the first month, before I'd gotten the hang of the place, 11 GI's tunnelled out of the camp to freedom. None were ever caught, and the camp commandant, eyeing his zero batting average, called in SS experts to close up the gaps. Our barracks drew Hessler, a cruel, merciless Prussian, who made it clear the first day of his assignment that the honeymoon was over.

We were herded into the compound in front of our barracks. It was a big joke, we thought. "Fresh meat for the grinder," somebody labeled him. Hessler had other ideas, and he made his point the first day.

A dozen guards were lined up in front of our ranks to hold us back. Then Hessler called Jimmy Fargas, a pint-sized ball-turret gunner, out of the ranks. The choice, we later found out, was an arbitrary one. Hessler just didn't like the kid's looks.

The Kraut towered over him. "You would like to escape from Auswerstelle, wouldn't you?"

His English was near perfect.

Jimmy, a cocky kid from Arizona, boasted, "Man, you jus' gimme the chance, an' I'll be long gone from this hellhole. Jus' gimme the chance, that's all I ask."

Quietly, calmly, like a leopard getting

BARBARIC TREATMENT OF AMERICAN POW'S

was standard procedure anytime camp rules were broken. When SS guards suspected a tunnel was being dug or a prison break was imminent, they sometimes "interrogated" Yanks for days on end.

"THE BUTCHER OF STALAG 13"

Yanks recaptured after escaping were often executed at dawn—in front of all the other prisoners.

ready to spring, Hessler said almost matter-of-factly, "You won't, you know. Not now that I'm in charge here."

"Don't be too sure of that, Kraut!" Jimmy swaggered.

"I'm going to make sure of it right now. Turn around, *bu-leeze.*" That was the first and only flaw I heard in his speech. That god-awful frightening "bu-leeze" that was later to send a chill up our spines every time he spoke it.

Jimmy wheeled around and faced us. Hessler's arm came up with a Luger clenched tightly in his fist. There was a stifled gasp from our ranks. The muzzle crashed down and caught Jimmy square in the back of the head. He pitched forward on his face. Hessler knelt at his side. The only display of emotion was the pulsating of an old dueling scar on the side of his left cheek. Then, methodically, the German butt-whipped Jimmy's head to a pulpy mass of pulverized bone and mashed flesh.

Then the gorilla stood erect and faced our numb-struck ranks. *"Bu-leeze* excuse the brutality. It was only to show you I mean business."

And that was opening day. Violent, horrifying enough, but only the beginning.

There was that cold winter night in December 1943, for example, when four of us had been forced to stand knee-deep and naked in the Bavarian snow. Looking back on it, the faces of the others tend to merge in a half-forgotten blur. I remember the one survivor besides myself —Leslie Cotten, a frail youngster who'd spent most of his life sleeping in the doorways of New York slums. As for the other two—they didn't have a chance.

The irony of it was that Hessler caught us on a bum rap. We had been playing touch football in the muddy compound during the afternoon. Just the four of us with a couple of pieces of dirty rags tied together for a ball. Afterwards, we washed our hands for the inspection that every day preceded breakfast and supper. But we'd gotten careless and much of the grime was still lodged under our fingernails.

In his inspection, Hessler had the habit of looking at our hands for evidence of hard work—tunnel digging—and he caught the four of us. The minute he looked at my nails, I knew we were in for it.

"Where's the tunnel, *bu-leeze,* private?" he asked.

I protested that there was none. He scrutinized the nails of the rest of the occupants of the barracks and ordered Cotten, the two other prisoners and me outside. We shivered in the snow.

"For the last time, where is the tunnel, *bu-leeze?"* he demanded.

We all talked at once. A game—a simple harmless game of football—we told him. He commanded his personal bodyguards to strip us. Twelve hours later, after Hessler had satisfied himself that there was no tunnel, Cotten and I were turned loose to crawl back into the barracks. The other two prisoners were blue and frozen stiff, lying incongruously in a pile of clean white snow, their blank sunken eyes staring up at the gray winter sky.

Sometimes it was a little thing that, under the stress of imprisonment, loomed large in our minds. Like the whole month when Red Cross packages never showed up, and Hessler was caught red-handed peddling them on the black market. His superiors, however, liked the way he had whipped us into line, so they let him off with an official reprimand.

But the payoff came in January of '44. In Barracks D, next to ours, six strapping Texans were discovered in the act of attempting to tunnel under the north barbed-wire fence. Hessler routed out the four down in the hole and instructed his bully-boys to hold them and the two lookouts while, as he put it, "I go down and inspect this engineering feat."

He was back up the tunnel shaft and in the barracks in about three minutes. Then he toured the other barracks and selected two noncoms from each, my self among them, to accompany him back to where the Texans were waiting beside their tunnel shaft. About 40 of us were ranked at attention along the center aisle of the barracks. Hessler squatted beside the hole in the floor. He pulled out a pack of American cigarettes—part of his Red Cross loot—and studiously lit it. There was a long, deathlike hush hanging over the place as he drew hard on the cigarette. He was building up to something real special this time. We could tell.

Finally, one of the Texans spoke: "Okay, Hessler, let's get it over with. What'll it be this time? Solitary? A good beating by you and your goons? Or maybe even the firing squad?"

A cruel smile, like a knife slash cut across his face, baring his front teeth. "The trouble with you Americans is that you have no imagination.

"Now, let me give you the picture, *bu-leeze,"* he began. He walked over to the window. Another long drag on the cigarette, another pause. "I estimate that there is about one hundred and twenty feet between the tunnel mouth and the deadline this side of the outer wire fence. The tunnel—a remarkable piece of construction, by the way—extends some sixty feet from the tunnel mouth. That means you have considerably more than sixty feet to go to freedom."

"So what does that get us?" one Texan asked.

"I was merely thinking it would be a sinful waste of time and energy to abandon your project at this time. Besides, it will give you something to do."

He waited for the words to sink in, and then, "Get down there, the six of you."

It only took a moment for us to get the full import of what he was up to. I'll say this for those Texas boys—they went at it like real men. There was no begging, no crawling, and in that way

(*Continued on page* 64)

This GI went berserk in *Stalag* 13 and tried to climb wire where he was killed. Hessler ordered body left on fence as lesson.

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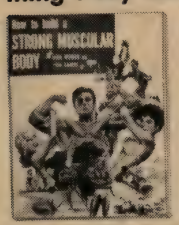

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CONFIDENTIAL REPORT ON WOMEN AROUND THE WORLD

ENGLAND
MEXICO
INDIA

AFRICA

SWEDEN

A MAN'S GUIDE TO TODAY'S BEST PASSION SPOTS

by KENT ADDISON

WE American males are a bunch of suckers. Here in the States, we live in a matriarchal society in which half of our energies are spent fussing over our coquettish women: seating them, dressing them, opening doors—and for what? In most other countries, errant wives are punished. Here they get alimony. All down the line, the cards are stacked against us in a gigantic conspiracy to keep our women dominant in the matrimonial or plain sexual relationship.

What most of us don't realize is that generations of this female domination have turned us into the kindest, most generous and considerate race of men on earth. Maybe you don't recognize yourself, Buster. But foreign women do. Everywhere in the world, outside North America, Les Girls all have the same nuptial ambition: to snag a Yankee spouse for the Wedding March.

Who can blame them? Compared to us Americans, most foreign men are spoiled, neglectful and often downright cruel.

Until 1945, Japanese women had been held in male bondage for over 1,000 years. A favorite sport of the old-time shoguns was to lash four naked women to an icy water wheel for 100 revolutions, then have them tossed into a pit of hissing serpents. The women could do

WOMEN

GERMANY

nothing about it. Ancient Buddhist law proclaimed that Japanese women had committed a sin by tempting men; and the only way to atone for this sin was by serving man and bringing him pleasure.

For hundreds of years, Japan remained a male paradise—and still is. Despite the partial emancipation of Japanese women, tradition dies hard.

In France, which produced monsters of sex like the notorious Marquis de Sade, medieval Frenchmen thought nothing of punching women's faces on the slightest provocation. One weird device—invented by medieval Frenchmen to rob both sexes of carnal pleasure—was the *chemise cagoule,* a mother hubbard night dress with a single hole strategically placed for impregnation.

Times have changed. But again tradition dies hard—for today, one out of six French women is fearful of marrying a French male.

Foreign women *are* different. Far from regarding premarital sex as a sin, many races regard it as an art or even a sport.

In Polynesia or Sweden, a woman's marital worth depends on the degree of sexual skill and experience she has acquired beforehand. Men in these areas regard virgins with such skepticism that unmarried gals give themselves generously to any likeable male. In these nations, sex is considered as matter-of-fact as eating or sleeping.

Nor are other countries so stingy about the age-old problem of the man who wants more than one woman. Many Moslem nations still obey the voice of the Prophet and allow men to have a maximum of

FRANCE

TURKEY

SPAIN

AROUND THE WORLD

four wives plus an unlimited number of concubines.

Until his recent death, for instance, King Mohammed V of Morocco kept two wives and 27 concubines who, on state occasions, rode in a special green bus—all perfectly legal under Moslem law but mild in comparison to the polygamous freedom allowed in other African states.

In Central Africa today, the average tribal chief keeps from 15 to 25 wives together with their numerous offspring, often numbering 75 or more children. Even farmers and taxi drivers in countries like Nigeria enjoy three or four wives.

Why shouldn't they? Since all African women are expected to work, these smart guys set their wives up as traders in a market stall, then pocket all their profits.

When a wife earns more than she costs to keep, the more wives a man has, the richer he becomes and the more wives he can buy. In Africa, wives are a sign of prestige, the token of a man's success and wealth.

In the depths of the Sahara and in secret slave markets in the Far East, women are still sold, traded and bartered. Throughout Southeast Asia, underground Chinese crime tongs buy unwanted girl babies and raise them on special training farms where they receive instruction in dancing, conversation and all the other arts designed to please a man.

At 15 or 16, these delightful dolls are then sold at $300 to $400 apiece. Many are bought as household concubines by bachelor planters in Malaya and Indonesia, others as mistresses by wealthy Chinese.

In the secret flesh-markets of Singapore or Macao, you can take your choice of 20 or 30 beautiful slave girls who are always for sale and there's no nonsense about one to a customer. Yet even the slave girls prefer American owners.

Chinese masters, or even Chinese husbands, have a cruel reputation aptly depicted in an old quip which goes: "A woman married is like a pony bought—to be ridden or whipped at the master's pleasure."

The slave girls' one dread is to fall into the hands of a sadistic Chinese owner who may keep her in chains, flog her or even brand her flesh with a red-hot iron to identify her in (*Continued on page* 44)

POLYNESIA

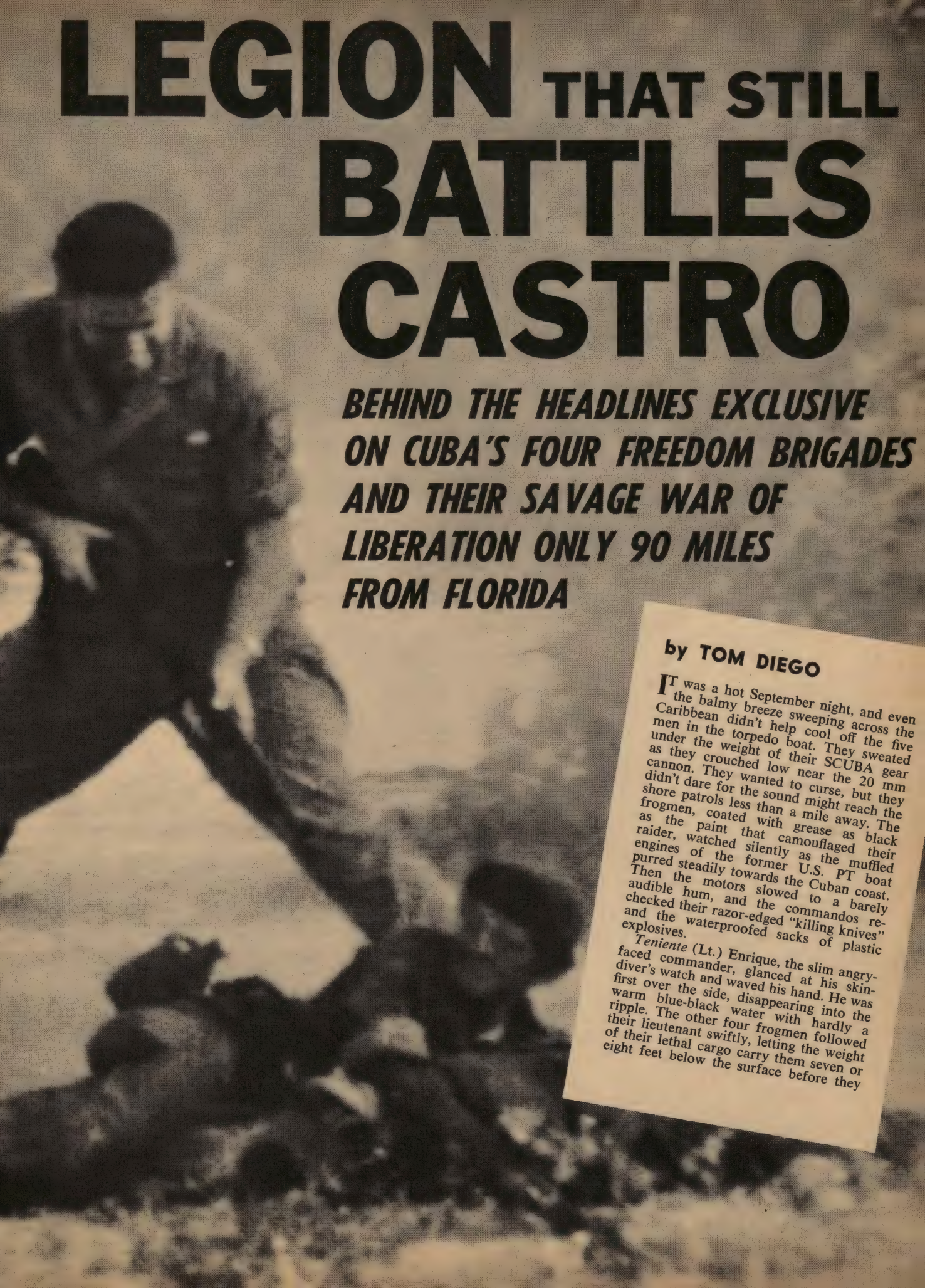
ITALY

JAPAN

PHANTOM

LEGION THAT STILL BATTLES CASTRO

BEHIND THE HEADLINES EXCLUSIVE ON CUBA'S FOUR FREEDOM BRIGADES AND THEIR SAVAGE WAR OF LIBERATION ONLY 90 MILES FROM FLORIDA



by TOM DIEGO

IT was a hot September night, and even the balmy breeze sweeping across the Caribbean didn't help cool off the five men in the torpedo boat. They sweated under the weight of their SCUBA gear as they crouched low near the 20 mm cannon. They wanted to curse, but they didn't dare for the sound might reach the shore patrols less than a mile away. The frogmen, coated with grease as black as the paint that camouflaged their raider, watched silently as the muffled engines of the former U.S. PT boat purred steadily towards the Cuban coast. Then the motors slowed to a barely audible hum, and the commandos rechecked their razor-edged "killing knives" and the waterproofed sacks of plastic explosives.

Teniente (Lt.) Enrique, the slim angry-faced commander, glanced at his skin-diver's watch and waved his hand. He was first over the side, disappearing into the warm blue-black water with hardly a ripple. The other four frogmen followed their lieutenant swiftly, letting the weight of their lethal cargo carry them seven or eight feet below the surface before they

• CANDELA AL TRANSPORTE!
• FUEGO A LOS PUENTES!
• CANDELA A LOS ALMACENES!
• FUEGO A LAS FABRICAS!

FUEGO A FIDEL!

PAN
PARA
EL PUEBLO!

• • • LECHE PARA NUESTROS HIJOS!
• • • MEDICINAS PARA NUESTROS ENFERMOS!
• • • LIBERTAD PARA NUESTROS HERMANOS!
• • • JUSTICIA PARA NUESTRO PUEBLO!

OPERACION FANTASMA

Although anti-Castro guerrillas are taught to handle weapons from all over the world, they are thoroughly briefed on Russian arms so that they can use captured equipment. Silent but bloody war against the Cuban dictator includes underground leaflets (right) which appeal to the population to apply the torch to warehouses, factories, bridges and transportation.

PHANTOM LEGION THAT STILL BATTLES CASTRO

struck out for the beach in a slow rhythmic crawl. Their frogmen gear made it unnecessary to come up for air, but the leader bobbed up every 50 or 60 yards for a quick glance at the beach to see whether they had been spotted by Communist sentries. He expected that Castro's militia would be drowsing by this hour, but even at 3:10 in the morning he wasn't taking any chances. One mistake, and they'd all die — slowly, under the gruesome talents of Castro's Moscow-trained S.I.M. torturers.

But the raiders were also well trained, and they knew this bay as only men who had grown up here could. They swam steadily towards the shore, lugging their packs of explosives against the outgoing tide. Some 20 minutes later, they felt the sandy bottom and they warily fanned across the beach. A scant 300 yards away, they saw the lights of the shack that served as the militia command post. The underwater commandos were all former residents of the Cabo Lucrecia area, so they headed directly for the narrow twisting path they knew so well.

Their bare feet made no noise. Soon, they crouched in the jungle peering across a clearing at the strange foreign machines that ringed the command shack. There were nine Russian rocket batteries, each ready to hurl half a dozen short-range missiles up to 20 miles at any vessel that might attempt to put men ashore. Enrique, the lieutenant in command of the five raiders pointed at the sentry leaning against the sandbagged machine-gun post. Two of the frogmen nodded, carefully put down their sacks and began wriggling on their stomachs toward the sleepy guard. Unaware that there was any foe within 100 miles, the Red sentry yawned wearily as they crawled nearer.

Then he dropped, poleaxed by an expertly savage judo chop to the back of his neck that crumpled him like an empty pack of cigarettes. As he pitched forward, his Czech automatic-rifle hit the gravel path with a clatter. One of the raiders seized it instantly—just in time. The noise brought three other militiamen in green fatigues pouring out of the shack, and they immediately raised their machine guns.

"Gusanos!" The Communists yelled, using the Castro term "worm" applied to all anti-Reds in the Soviet satellite.

The frogman hosed them down with two short bursts. His partner vaulted into the sandbagged position, swivelled the heavy Soviet machine-gun on its mount and raked the command post with a battering hail of fire.

While startled Reds inside died under the rain of steel-jacketed slugs, Lieutenant Enrique and the other frogmen raced among the missiles slapping large lumps of sweet-smelling plastic explosives against the firing mechanisms. Moving with the smooth rehearsed coordination of a pro football backfield, they skillfully crammed into each charge a thin delayed-action "time-pencil" fuse set for 60 seconds. Then they turned to escape pausing only to lob incendiary grenades into the command shack and the generator hut. The fuel tank behind the power plant erupted into a dazzling torch that hurled flames high into the black Caribbean sky, silhouetting the Red garrison that poured out of the barracks across the clearing. The frogman handling the heavy Goryunov machine-gun scythed them down like wheat, dropping more than a dozen before the Soviet weapon ran out of ammo. Then he took off.

The Red missile battery was a fiery shambles by the time the five raiders reached the beach, and 20 minutes after they climbed back aboard their PT boat they could still see the orange glow on the horizon.

"Not bad for *gusanos,* huh?" laughed the slim lieutenant.

The other frogmen grinned. They didn't mind the term "worms," for this Red sneer had become a badge of honor to the anti-Castro Underground. These raiders belonged to the secret organization known as Alpha 66, one of the most courageous groups of Cuban exiles still fighting to liberate their homeland. The war against Castro continues — in the shadows.

According to latest reports from extremely well-informed sources in the Caribbean, there are at least four determined teams of Cubans waging a secret but fierce war against the vicious Castro regime. These anti-Communist outfits are the most fanatical and least "political" of all the exile groups, and while the other organizations have been tamed or scared by the U.S. government these four continue their secret violent fight for a Free Cuba. They are not led by middle-aged lawyers or well-known politicians, but by rugged young men who will not rest until the last Communist has been driven from Cuba. Information reaching French intelligence sources in Martinique indicates that these four groups total only 1,100 "active" fighting men.

"But do not underestimate these lads, for they are truly committed," one French officer who led a *Maquis* battalion against the Nazis told this reporter recently. "The Alpha 66, the Jose Marti Brigade, the Second National Front of the Escambray and the Democratic Students Legion are damn effective in action. They fight like our Maquis did—not so fancy but good enough to kill plenty of the enemy."

Backing up the 1,100 commandos are an estimated 19,000 members of the Underground within Cuba, plus between 25,000 and 35,000 exiles scattered throughout the Caribbean. Some of these exiles are located on U.S. islands, where they are engaged in a weird war-of-wits with American authorities and security agents under orders from Washington to prevent any attacks from being launched from U.S. soil. From a technical point of view, the great majority of these exiles are obeying this decision even though they resent and despise it. The anti-Castro Cubans are no longer hitting the enslaved island from U.S. territory, but they are planning operations on

Demolition experts, who are parachuted into Cuba for specific missions, concentrate on bridges (left) and military installations such as radar stations. After completing their assignments, these specialists make their way into mountains where they team up with well-armed guerrillas.

American soil. These blows for a Free Cuba are then delivered from outside the U.S. There are continuing reports that the Cuban Freedom Fighters do manage to secure canned food, small boats, fuel, sporting rifles (i.e. powerful hunting guns with telescopic sights), hand guns, explosives and radio equipment from commercial sources within the U.S. Ammunition is a more serious problem.

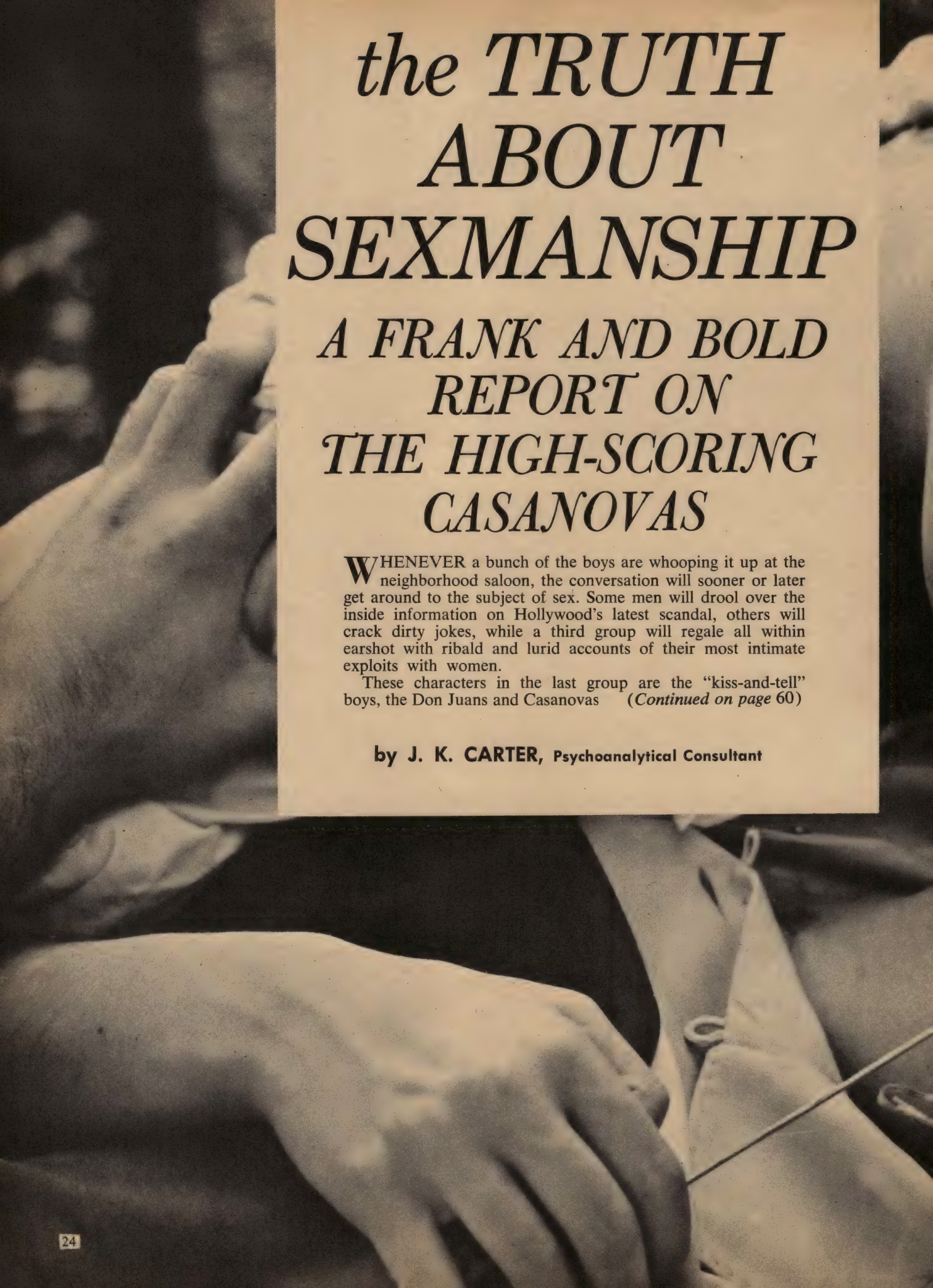
This Spring, Puerto Rico buzzed with accounts of a mysterious robbery that shifted some 11,000 rounds of M-1 rifle and .30 caliber machine-gun ammunition from a U.S. Marine warehouse near San Juan. While the reports have been frigidly ignored by tight-lipped American officers in Puerto Rico, there is reason to believe that the theft was actually carried out by ammo-hungry Cuban exiles. The increase in sentries and jeep patrols at the depot appears to confirm the story of the robbery, which is generally credited to Alpha 66 commandos. It was said to have been executed with military efficiency shortly after midnight, so neatly and silently that the alarm was not sounded until the severed barbed-wire was discovered the next morning. In addition, Cuban exiles are believed to have put their hands on more than 88 pre-packed charges of C-3 explosives that were stockpiled on the small nearby isle of Vieques during the period just before the Bay of Pigs invasion attempt in 1962. Although the Pentagon has never confirmed it officially, it is common gossip among Washington journalists that part of the Anti-Castro Brigade that went ashore was "staged" from Vieques and later evacuated to Vieques after the debacle. Today, U.S. Navy and Marine units are under strict orders to bar any anti-Castro exiles from using Vieques.

That's why the Cubans have been forced to find new and secret bases in the Caribbean outside U.S. territory. As of now, the exiles are continuing their secret war from remote hide-outs in Guatemala and Nicaragua—with their main base located in the jungle fastnesses of the Dominican Republic. Having suffered horribly under three decades of sadistic Trujillo terror, the Dominicans are intensely hostile to any dictatorships and have shown little reluctance in aiding the opponents of the Communist tyranny in Cuba. Although the Dominican regime has been discreet about its sympathies, a number of officials have not concealed their view that Castro is just as vile and vicious as the late Generalissimo Trujillo.

(*Continued on page* 42)

RED CHINESE INSIDE COMMUNIST CUBA IS

Castro's latest maneuver to help bolster the island's sagging economy. Underground claims that these men and women, supposedly imported as sugar-field workers, are really advance guard of military "advisers."



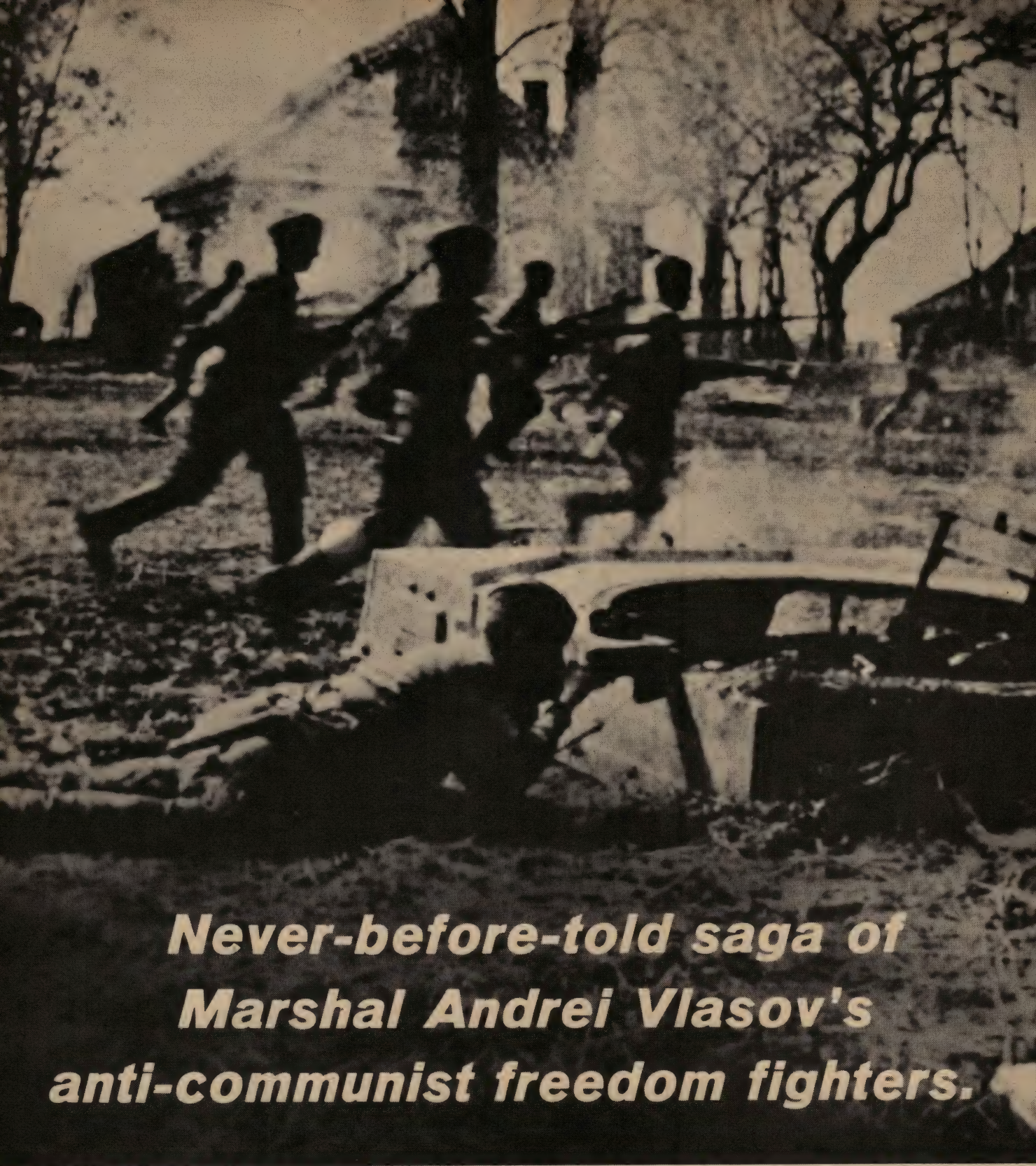
the TRUTH ABOUT SEXMANSHIP

A FRANK AND BOLD REPORT ON THE HIGH-SCORING CASANOVAS

WHENEVER a bunch of the boys are whooping it up at the neighborhood saloon, the conversation will sooner or later get around to the subject of sex. Some men will drool over the inside information on Hollywood's latest scandal, others will crack dirty jokes, while a third group will regale all within earshot with ribald and lurid accounts of their most intimate exploits with women.

These characters in the last group are the "kiss-and-tell" boys, the Don Juans and Casanovas (*Continued on page* 60)

by J. K. CARTER, Psychoanalytical Consultant



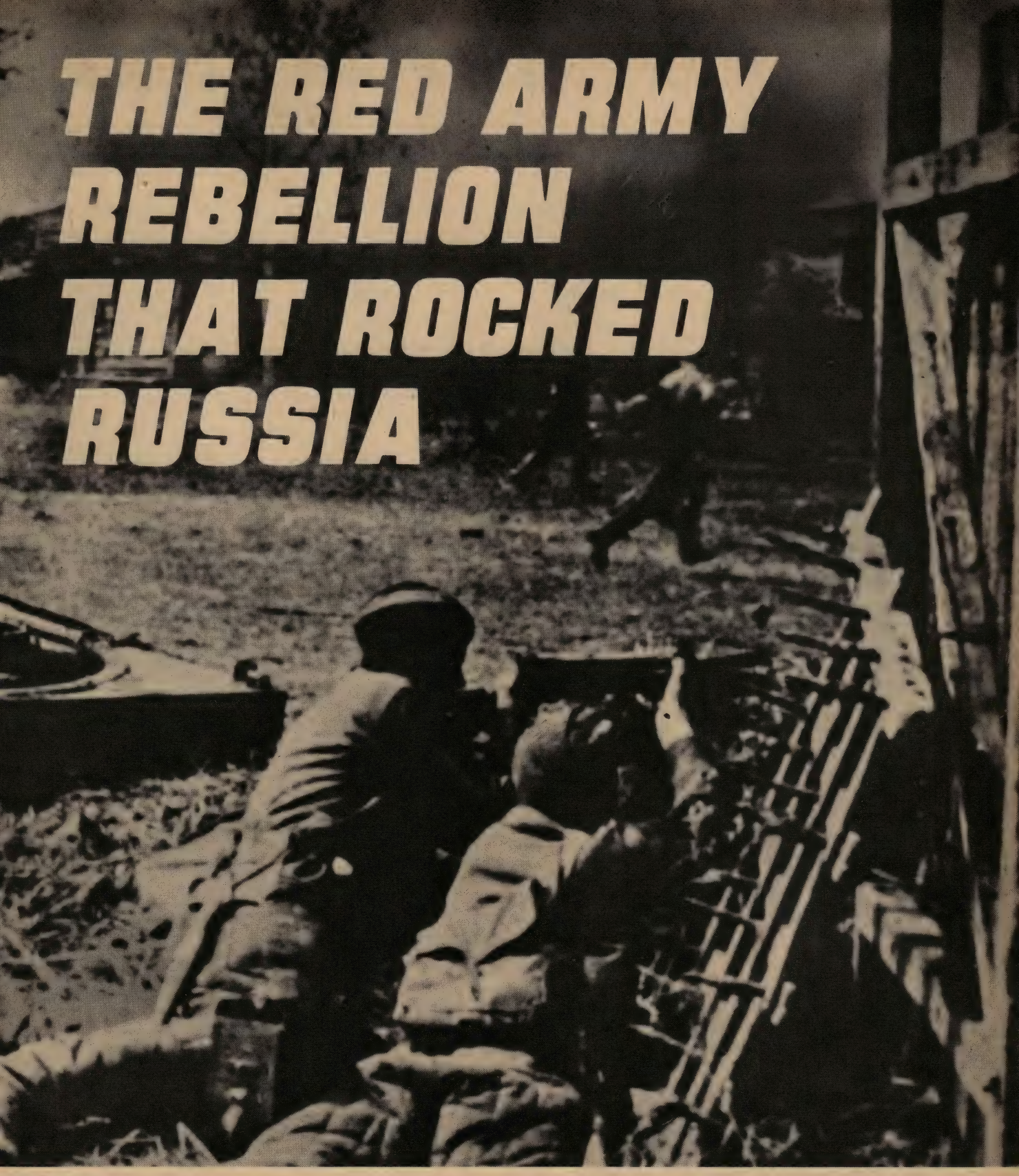
Never-before-told saga of Marshal Andrei Vlasov's anti-communist freedom fighters.

by FLOYD GIBBS

ON the night of August 13, 1942 the dripping ruin of a human being emerged from the slime of Russia's vast Volkhov swamps, near Leningrad. With a sleepwalker's gait he dragged his skeletal frame painfully forward on bare feet swollen with festering sores.

The Kremlin had touted this half-corpse as one of the war's greatest heroes. Soon it would curse him as a despicable traitor. For this man created a monumental rebellion against Russia's Red regime. Had he been allowed to succeed there would be no

THE RED ARMY REBELLION THAT ROCKED RUSSIA



Communist scourge today. The man was Marshal Andrei Andreevitch Vlasov.

He didn't look like a general. His gaunt face was thick with beard and mud. His Russian peasant's clothes were a stinking mass of tattered rags. He looked like any one of the million defeated Red Army soldiers wandering aimlessly across the Russian countryside.

Nearing the road that led to Novgorod, Vlasov heard the roar of approaching trucks. Sluggishly, his sleep-starved mind working as clumsily as a drunken man's, he figured out that the trucks were German, for the entire

THE RED ARMY REBELLION

These are not Germans; these are Russians—youthful Cossacks who volunteered for duty in Marshal Vlasov's war against the Reds.

Though ridiculously outnumbered by vast Red Army, Vlasov's volunteers fought well, were awarded a number of German decorations.

area was overrun by the Germans' 38th *Armeekorps.*

Aloud he mumbled, "Am I ready to surrender . . .?"

And answered himself at once, *"No, not yet!"*

He crawled painfully for cover in the underbrush. Prying German searchlights moved on without discovering him. Lying prone on the ground, he fell asleep.

Vlasov awoke at dawn. Hunger pangs knotted and kneaded his stomach. Raising himself unsteadily to his feet, he began to walk again. His bloodshot eyes made out a shanty, a splintering ramshackle affair coming up ahead. But suddenly a peasant cart rounded a corner of the road and pulled up abreast of him. Instinctively, Vlasov wanted to hide. But there was no time. He looked hollowly at the peasant astride the cart's platform and decided to take a chance.

"Hleb," he croaked. *"Bread.* Give me bread."

The hulking peasant looked at him suspiciously. "Who are you? A soldier hiding from the Germans?" Without waiting for an answer he nodded his shaggy head towards the shack. "You can stay there, *tovarich."*

"Bread, comrade, bread . . ." repeated Vlasov faintly.

"There is no bread. We're all hungry now. But I'll try to bring you something to eat on my way back from Novgorod."

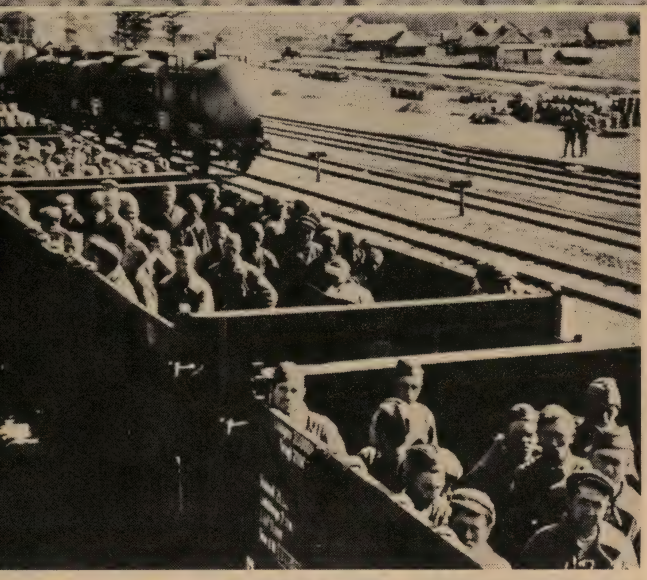
In a minute he was gone. What would he really come back with, wondered Vlasov—food or German soldiers? No one in Russia could be trusted any more, whether civilians or soldiers.

Millions of Soviet soldiers were surrendering to the enemy, submitting to easy capture, or actually defecting. Special detachments of retreat-blocking NKVD detachments stood behind the Red Army at each front. As for civilians—in many areas whole villages and towns, sick to death of Communism, welcomed the Germans as saviors.

Well, thought Vlasov wryly, *I can't blame them.*

The shanty was built on short stilts, leaving a narrow space between the floor and the ground. He dropped flat on his stomach and wiggled into this space. He lay still and closed his eyes. He wanted only to rest. Almost

THAT ROCKED RUSSIA



Trainload after trainload of Russian P.O.W.s poured into Germany from the East Front. Most were anti-Reds who would fight for Vlasov if permitted.

at once he was in a fitful sleep, dreaming of lost battles.

He awoke to what he thought at first was a nightmare. German soldiers were shouting for him to crawl out. Several rifle butts were being poked at him. Blond Teutonic faces peered at him. When a rifle-butt suddenly jabbed him viciously in the ribs, Vlasov realized the nightmare was reality. He was surrounded. This was the end of flight.

He scrabbled out from under the shanty and tottered unsteadily to his feet. A ring of German soldiers surrounded him, their bayonet-tipped rifles pointed directly at his chest.

"Nicht schiessen," he croaked in broken German. "Don't shoot. I am Marshal Vlasov."

At first we did not believe that he was really Marshal Andrei Vlasov, wrote one of the German officers present. *We had thought him dead. But he presented proof of his identity and surrendered formally. There was something strange about this man. He looked at us with a slight, odd smile playing about his blood-encrusted lips. He did not really seem disturbed by the fact that we had taken him prisoner. Somehow he gave the appearance of being a man who was just* starting *his mission.*

Thus, according to secret Nazi reports, began one of the most exciting and significant chapters to come out of World War II, the saga of Marshal Vlasov's anti-Red rebellion—a saga still vigorously suppressed inside the Soviet Union itself.

There was nothing sudden about Vlasov's decision to turn against the Kremlin, against Bolshevism. He was 18 years old when the Bolsheviks first drenched Russia's landscape with Czarist blood. The Bolsheviks represented hope, freedom—and bread.

Enthusiastically, Vlasov quit agricultural school and joined the newly-formed Red Army. He fought well, rose rapidly. By 1934 he was already assistant chief Soviet adviser to China's ruler, Chiang Kai-shek.

But then the dreaded *yezhovschina,* Stalin's terrible purges, swept like some unholy fever across the Soviet Union. One after the other the purges came, leaving large portions of the population dead or in prison. Fully two-thirds of all Red Army officers were accused of treason, sent to Siberian labor camps, or stood up before overworked firing squads. Vlasov was one of the few high-ranking officers whose head didn't roll. Not only did he escape the purges, he found himself steadily promoted.

But Vlasov, a deeply patriotic man, was unimpressed by his own rapid rise. To him, Russia represented more than people and government. "Mother Russia has a soul," he said more than once. And now that soul was being eaten away by the cancer of Communism.

He nursed his brooding disillusionment, his rising hatred for the Stalinists—nursed it silently. No one, not even his wife or closest friends, knew of his profound disgust with the regime. No one knew of the conflict raging inside of him. On the one hand, he wanted to save Russia from the mass murders, enslavement, famine. On the other, he revolted against betraying his soldier's oath to the Kremlin.

Then came the bitter days of 1941, when Hitler tore up the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact.

The German juggernaut plowed its bloody, relentless way through the Russian steppes, to within 14 miles of Moscow. Scribbled one

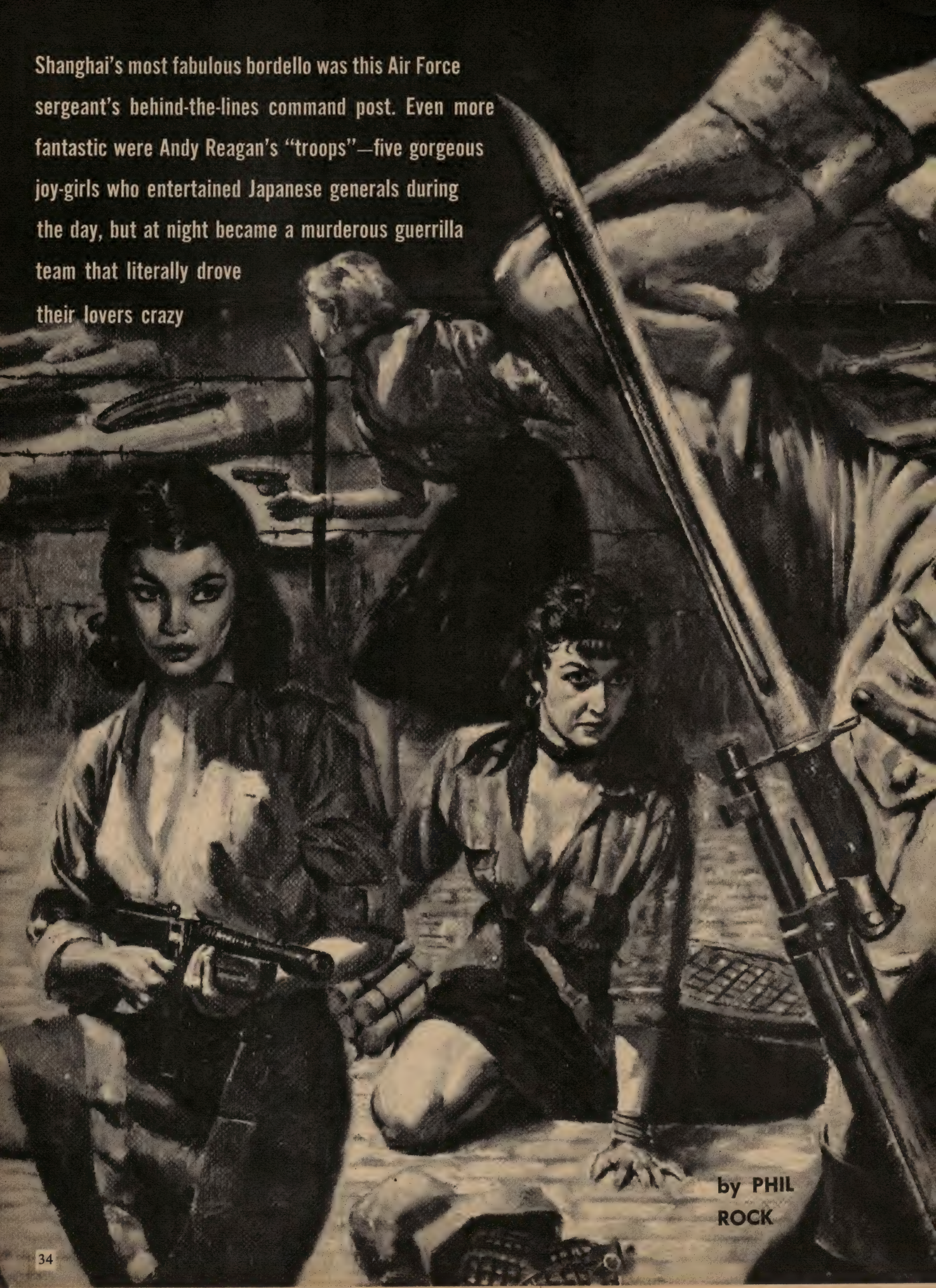
(*Continued on page* 48)

seeing is believing

seems to be the only way to convince people that June Wilkinson's record-shattering figure (42½-26-39) is for real. Tall, blonde and curvaceous

this eye-filling import from England has not only carved out a stage career for herself (recently starring in the Broadway hit aptly titled Pajama Tops) but now has several Hollywood studios eagerly looking in her direction as a future star. Man, what she could do for wide-screen movies.

Shanghai's most fabulous bordello was this Air Force sergeant's behind-the-lines command post. Even more fantastic were Andy Reagan's "troops"—five gorgeous joy-girls who entertained Japanese generals during the day, but at night became a murderous guerrilla team that literally drove their lovers crazy



by PHIL ROCK

While the girls climbed out of the sewer, Reagan cut down the Jap sentry.

SHANGHAI REAGAN'S

CHINA-DOLL MARAUDERS

IT AIN'T going to be no milk run," Reagan announced gloomily over the intercom.

"Now, Reagan," the navigator sputtered, "the Intelligence Officer said at the briefing—"

"I don't care what they said at the briefing, Lieutenant," Sergeant Andrew Reagan interrupted. He'd already flown 26 missions for Old Man Chennault's badly outnumbered 14th Air Force, and he could smell trouble 100 miles away.

MORE

The notorious House of Five Joys, famous bordello in Shanghai's international settlement, was taken over by Japanese officers soon after they seized the city. Although sentries guarded bawdyhouse, Sergeant Reagan was smuggled in via the servant's entrance. Madame Wong's joy-girls (right) hated entertaining high-ranking enemy brass and Chinese collaborators, and when Reagan proposed that they band together in a night-raiding guerrilla team, the girls jumped at the opportunity.

SHANGHAI REAGAN AND HIS CHINA DOLL MARAUDERS

The heavy B-24 Liberator bomber droned on eastward through the China skies, thundering along at 13,000 feet towards the coast. This was supposed to be a routine photo reconnaissance mission over the Shanghai harbor. It was that lousy word "routine" that always made machine-gunner Reagan edgy. He test-fired his big .50's again, checked his 'chute, scanned the heavens restlessly.

Then there they were—eight Zeroes boring in fast! *"Bandits at nine o'clock! Japs coming in!"* Reagan yelled over the intercom.

The pilot began swearing softly as he poured on the power, and the tail gunner started humming "Dixie" as he always did before aerial combat. Up front in the nose turret, Reagan swivelled his guns and went into his firing crouch. He was ready to start killing.

The first pair of Zeroes charged the lone B-24 head on, their cannon stuttering death as the gap narrowed. Reagan picked one fighter, raked it with professional precision, slicing off one wing and executing the Jap pilot as efficiently as the electrician who throws the switch for the electric chair at Sing Sing. He squeezed one short burst into the other Zero before it flashed out of sight.

At that instant, five enemy cannon shells obliterated the tail turret and set the rear of the Liberator on fire. The heavy B-24 bucked crazily under the impact, sideslipped and started falling toward earth in a wide hopeless arc.

"Everybody out!" the pilot yelled.

"I'm with you!" shouted the radio man immediately.

Just then, another pair of Zeroes raked the stricken bomber from overhead. They killed the co-pilot and set the cockpit ablaze.

"Jump! Jump!" yelled the captain over the intercom.

Reagan tightened his harness, crawled out the front turret and braced himself at the open nose-wheel door. He took a deep breath as he tried to remember everything he'd learned about parachutes. Then he jumped and counted to 10 before he jerked the handle.

At 3:22 p.m. on March 18, 1943, the huge red-headed mountain man from California landed on his face in the mud of Eastern China. His name was Andy Reagan, but later his friends all called him "Shanghai." Despite a superb football record as a bone-crushing tackle,Reagan had been kicked out of college for an indiscretion with a female biology instructor and spent three years as a strong-man with a wandering carnival before joining the Army Air Force in 1939. He was actually a lot brighter than most people suspected, but his massive physique and innocent Irish face gave the impression of a simple brute. He was neither. As a matter of fact, Reagan was a One Man Army. After parachuting into China that unlucky afternoon in 1943, he established his private command post in a fabulous Shanghai bordello to fight a fantastic under-cover war that cost the Japanese Imperial Forces some 4,900 killed, 17,100 wounded plus dozens of bridges, trains, boats, planes, and armored vehicles blasted into scrap by Reagan's guerrilla army.

It was drizzling but there was no wind that March day, so Reagan had little difficulty in getting out of his parachute harness. He stood up, took a deep breath and wiped the muck off his face. He was standing in a rice paddy, about 500 miles behind Japanese lines. He had a .45 automatic in the holster on his hip, a half-eaten chocolate bar in the pocket of his flying jacket and a lot of trouble on his hands.

Bailing out of flaming B-24 behind Jap lines, Andy Reagan was picked up by Chinese guerrillas and smuggled into beautiful Teresa Wong's bordello in Shanghai. Bawdyhouse became command post of wildest night-raiding operation of World War II.

He was beginning to wonder about his crewmates when a loud explosion shook the earth and he saw a ball of fire erupting to the north. That was the end of "Kissin' Kate," the best damn B-24 ever built. Reagan shook his head, loosened the flap on his gun holster and started walking. He'd covered nearly 400 yards when he saw the ox-cart coming down the rutted road. The skinny, barefoot driver was yelling something, waving his hands and pointing at the uneasy aviator. Two other Chinese trotting beside the wagon stopped, stared at Reagan.

"No! No! O.K., Joe! Friends!" the driver shouted.

That was all the English any of the three Orientals spoke, but the redheaded Californian grinned as he hustled forward to meet them. They were allies, members of the well-organized Chinese underground run by the mysterious General Tai Li of Chiang Kai-shek's far flung Secret Service. The three peasants chattered in mysterious monosyllables, patted the Stars and Stripes on Reagan's jacket and pointed to the cart. He got the message. After he climbed aboard, they covered him with mounds of light branches and started the twisting 66-mile ride north to Shanghai.

The ox-cart jounced, Reagan bounced and the rain kept falling. They spent the first night in the stable of an inn owned by another Tai Li agent, eating cold rice and drinking welcome bowls of hot sweet wine. They were stopped four times at Japanese check-points on the narrow road between Wuhsing and Shanghai. Each time, Reagan had his hand on the .45 and a tight hard knot in his gut. One Nipponese sentry jabbed a bayonet only inches from that gut in a casual search of the fire-wood cart, but the grim sergeant forced himself rigid to avoid betraying his uncomfortable hideout.

Shortly after four p.m. on the second day, the creaking wagon jolted into Shanghai and Reagan began to get even more edgy. The streets were jammed with thousands of Japanese troops, and armed MP's and goon squads of the brutal *Kempetai* (secret "Thought Police") passed only a few yards from the hidden airman. There was a cold winter mist, but still he sweated. He also began to get mad. He was more than bitter about his dead buddies, and he was infuriated at the Japanese for making him afraid. He made up his mind then never to fear them again—and to avenge his friends' flaming death if it cost him his own life.

Suddenly the cart turned off the bustling boulevard, rattled over cobblestones and entered a high-walled courtyard. Reagan heard a heavy metal gate clang shut behind him. The next thing he knew, the fire-wood

Within hours after Sergeant Reagan's first raid, in which he blew up 11 Zeros on the flight line at Air Field 47, Japanese troops were alerted and began checking identification papers at all bridges and roads leading into the city. When that security measure failed, Imperial Marines began rounding up hundreds of innocent suspects for questioning.

was abruptly tipped down a chute—and Andy Reagan went spilling along with it. He stood up in a low, dimly lit, white-washed room. It was very hot. He knew why when he saw the squat cast-iron furnace glowing in a dark corner.

This was the boiler room of the famous House of Five Joys, Shanghai's most luxurious bordello. It catered to the sensual whims of the richest collaborators, the most dishonest merchants and the highest ranking Japanese officers. Chilled and dirty after his long ride, Reagan enjoyed the warmth for a long moment before the door at the top of the stairs opened, and he turned and stared, blinking in the bright light.

The girl standing there had a magnificent body, one that seemed almost over-ripe for such a fresh young-looking woman, he thought as he studied her in the open door. She had jet-black hair, blue eyes and long legs that reminded him of cheesecake photos back home. The blue eyes and light skin made Reagan guess she wasn't all Chinese, and he was right. Whatever she was, he thought to himself, this was one helluva woman.

"You speak English?" the rugged sergeant finally asked.

The girl smiled at him, (*Continued on page* 54)

SALERNO'S 5 ACRES OF HELL

STAND-OR-DIE SAGA OF THE FIRST GI's TO CRACK ITALY'S BACK DOOR

by JOSEPH ANDREWS

The date: September 8, 1943. The time: 0900 hours. The place: Somewhere on the road from Naples to Salerno, Italy.

The warm, late-summer sun, beats down on the German staff car. Inside, Field Marshal Kesselring wrestles with a huge campaign map. The Nazi **Oberbefehlshaber** turns a confident eye on his guest—Col. Gen. Marc Schreiber — from **Oberkommando der Wehrmacht** in Berlin. An aide, Lt. Karl Jerstad hands the field marshal a sheaf of intelligence reports.

Kesselring shows Schreiber the reports and condenses their contents for him:

"At least 700 Allied ships steaming up the coast of Italy. An invasion fleet—everything from light landing craft to aircraft carriers, American and British."

Schreiber, sweating less from the heat than from the prospect of another invasion of Continental Europe (five days earlier, on September 3rd, the British 8th Army landed on the toe of Italy), asks the obvious question: "Where do you think they will make their assault?"

Kesselring folds the map, leaving only a small section of it exposed to view: "I don't think. **I know!** Right at this moment, and for the next three days, I have a Panzer division carrying out anti-invasion exercises at the very spot they will come ashore. Another five expanded divisions backing them up, ready to move at a minute's notice.

"Here," Kesselring punches the map, stabbing his finger at the spot, **"at Salerno!"**

At 0030, Sept. 9th, aboard the flagship of the 5th Army invasion fleet, the general mood among the uninitiated is also one of confidence. News has just been received over the radio that Italy has withdrawn from the war and taken her 31 divisions with her. As D-Day, H-Hour, only three hours off, approaches, the word passes from man to man: "Salerno will be a turkey shoot!"

SALERNO'S 5 ACRES OF HELL

But there are calmer heads on board. One of them is Admiral Henry K. Hewitt, in charge of all amphibious operations. Another is Gen. Mark Clark, commanding the 5th Anglo-American Army. The two officers have been conferring in the chart room, reviewing their own intelligence reports. They know Kesselring will face them with better than six divisions, if he's figured out their destination—and the wily German is bound to have determined that Salerno is the only spot on the coast where an invasion could be staged. The 5th Army has only six divisions all told—and the capability for landing only half of them on the beach during the first few days of battle. The outnumbered Americans won't be facing disgruntled Italians, but seasoned German campaigners.

As he leaves the chart room, General Clark bumps into Quentin Reynolds, who is covering the Salerno invasion for *Collier's* magazine. The correspondent asks the general how things look and receives the hardheaded answer: "We're spitting into the lion's mouth."

A mile off the stretch of beach south of Salerno, where the Americans are scheduled to come ashore, LCI #71 (Landing Craft-Infantry) circles. Cpl. Langston Bryan, late of Dallas, Texas, now of the 180th Infantry, hugs his submachine gun, leans against a bulkhead, and listens to the British Beaufighters circling overhead. The greatest night-cover planes of World War II—can't be seen even in the three-quarter moon, only heard. But they give the GI a feeling of security as he looks at his watch—0330 hours—and then at the beach, where bright flashes and the resounding boom of heavy guns from sea and shore, tell him that the British have begun landing operations and the Nazis have not been caught napping.

The LCI suddenly turns sharply and heads due west toward a predetermined spot on the 22 miles of beach that will constitute the invasion site.

Bryan mutters to no one in particular, "This is it."

The word goes up and down the German line — *einfall* — invasion! Gunner Werner Deitrich hears it being repeated over and over again, but he isn't worried. Lieutenant Burkholtz told him not to worry, that when the enemy comes ashore, the glorious warriors of the Third Reich will chew them up like meat in a sausage grinder. Deitrich mans one of the 88 artillery pieces, and at this moment he leaves his scope and stares along the long muzzle, through the darkness. He can't see much. He can only remember what there is between him and the water, and the reason why Lt. Burkholz told him not to worry.

The defenses start right down at the water's edge itself. Trees, brush, any obstacle of any sort, have been cleared away, leaving every gun, from small arms to the big 88's, a clear range of fire. Only 50 yards back from the sea, a row of machine guns, each one with its allocated sector to cover and not one foot of the entire beach left unprotected. Firing zones even overlap. Behind the forward line, the howitzers, and behind them, only 200 yards away from the beach, the 88's. And in the Picentini Mountains behind him—more 88's. Then the tanks, up and down the beach and many more in reserve, and the barbed wire and rail fences at the water's edge.

The Americans had an expression for such a set up: Like shooting fish in a barrel.

Gunner Deitrich is just one of hundreds of men in both camps—Nazi and Allied — who displays a frightening amount of confidence this night.

LCI #375 plows through the surf towards shore, heading for Red Beach (the shore is broken up into four sectors—Red, Green, Yellow, and Blue Beaches). Lt. August Baker addresses his crouching Rangers, hugging the "floor" of the ship (he has never gotten used to the Navy word "deck"): "When the 'toll gate' goes down I want you guys to bust out of here like big-a———— birds. Stay low in the surf and ——"

He never finishes his speech. An 88 shell rips into the side of the landing craft, killing him, three others and wounding 48 more. Sgt. Cassius Long assumes command as the LCI hits the shore. The gate drops, and 12 angry Rangers leap out into the surf. German machine guns open up on the beach, chopping them to bits. Sgt. Long sees the bodies collapsing awkwardly in the water around him, staggers to the shore and stops at the first bank of barbed wire. He falls on his belly, then rolls into a deep impression in the sand, and digs in. By the light of the moon he can tell that he is the only man out of 64 to reach shore.

Aboard a Navy minesweeper, Lieut. Commdr. Orsen Pauls brings his ship as close to land as her draft will allow, radios the flagship the horrifying news of a fatal miscalculation on the part of the U.S. strategists: "Heavy concentration of mines along the beach, starting some 200 feet from shore. Path cleared for small craft, but impenetrable for heavy craft. Repeat: *Impenetrable for heavy craft.*"

It would be some time before those who made it ashore would have land-based support such as artillery or tanks. The mine-sweepers clear a narrow channel through the field. LCI's can get through, but no troop or supply ships or LST's (Landing Ship-Tanks).

Aboard the flagship, General Clark and Admiral Hewitt review the situation. Despite shockingly heavy initial casualties, the Germans have craftily permitted some units to get ashore, knowing that they can get no heavy support, and are carrying only light weapons. Because of darkness, the Navy's big guns cannot be brought into play. They'd probably fire on U.S. detachments on shore. From up and down the beach the reports keep pouring into the chart house: "Opposition heavy."

MP directing traffic on beachhead hangs onto his helmet as he begins to dive for cover, detecting sound of shell about to hit. Other GI's, just landing, seem calm by comparison—but these rookies quickly learned to recognize "incoming mail."

Lacking heavy artillery, particularly anti-tank weapons, GI's fought off heavy German armor with bazookas (left) and gradually slugged their way into town where bitter house-to-house battles raged (right) as Americans dug out last-ditch snipers.

On Blue Beach, at 0430 hours, LCI 623 churns to a stop and 75 men of the 45th Infantry Division leap onto the beach, just as a Nazi plane drops a chandelier flare overhead, bathing them in a garish light and leaving them naked to the enemy.

Pvt. Billy Meager from New Jersey, remembering the earlier news of the Italian surrender, yells to the man alongside him, Pvt. Charles Johnson of California: "If this is an armistice, I'd hate like hell to have to fight a war!"

Meager and Johnson have been told they are in the second wave to hit this section of Blue Beach, but as they crawl up the sand in spurts and stops, they can see that they and the other men of Baker Company are the first Americans ashore.

The German gunners, aided by the bright flare in the sky, blanket their position with screaming steel. The GI's drop on their faces and it seems they can feel the heat from the bullets as they whistle over their heads in rushing waves. They are pinned down for the moment, but their biggest worry is the impending dawn. They don't dare get caught out in the open on the denuded beach in daytime.

Painfully, they crawl forward, a thin, erratic line of men. The flare dims and dies just as they reach one of the barbed-wire banks. By the numbers, the wire cutters come out, the wire is slashed, and the line moves forward. A howitzer shell, then another, chews two holes on their left flank. There's no telling in this darkness who got it.

Then they hit a rail fence interwoven with another bank of barbed wire. And still they inch their way up the beach. Meager and Johnson take the point, locate a Nazi machine-gun nest and lob in a pair of grenades. They are the first members of their company to break the German line.

More grenades on their right and left and in a few minutes the first line of the Reich's Salerno defense is broken. The battle isn't over—not by a long shot—but it's a start in the right direction.

D-Day, 0600 hours, Lieut. Philip Barnes takes off from an Allied airfield in Sicily and tools his twin-boom P-38 fighter northeast, through the early dawn Salerno. As he zeroes in on his destination, he is joined by 17 other P-38s and a flight of Spitfires. The Spits would be sticking around for only 20 minutes, he muses. They don't have the range of the 38's, and the 180-mile trip from Sicily and back won't leave them with much fuel to spare. But modified Spits, Seafires, will soon be coming in from the British carriers.

Captured Germans were confident that they would be liberated once *panzers* crushed U.S. invasion—but tough GI's fought Nazi attack to a standstill.

At least there'll be air cover for the harassed troops on the ground.

"I'd like to know what the hell those goddam flyboys are doing up there," Sgt. Chris Lambert curses to what is left of his men. A Nazi bomber (it came in out of the sun so they never did identify it) had dropped an egg right in the basket, killing 20 men from C Co., 45th Div., before they had even come ashore. Twenty-five more were wounded.

Now, with the slim remnants of the 70 men who had started for the invasion beach an hour ago, Sergeant Lambert peers over the dunes into the muzzles of five Mark VI tanks.

"You think we could knock them out with bazookas?" someone asks.

Lambert gives the recruit a disgusted look. "Man, those babies have got double armor on both sides. You couldn't even dent 'em."

Then desperately, the sergeant looks out to sea, to the huge armada laying there helplessly as it waits for the sweepers to clear the mines so that the big stuff can be brought ashore.

The Mark VI's open fire.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" Lambert yells pulling himself to his feet and leading the pack.

The tanks grind their treads into the sand and take off after them, spraying the fleeing men with a fusillade of machine gun fire. An LCI pulls up on the beach. Lambert and his men, now numbering only a baker's dozen beside himself, drop to the sand exhausted, as the huge tanks turn their attention to bigger game.

"When the hell are we ever going to get some heavy gear in here?" Lambert growls to his men.

Pvt. Ludwig Passer runs alongside the platform car carrying the huge railway gun. It groans to a halt. Ludwig lays down his *Schmeisser* machine-pistol and uncouples the car from the engine. As the gun crew brings the huge weapon into position, Ludwig suddenly realizes he has a commanding view of the entire battlefield.

It is like a monstrous bowl that has been cut in half. Along the rim and down the sides of the Picentini Mountains are the German heavy guns, all pointed toward the sea. And at the bottom edge of the bowl — the trapped Americans. Ludwig almost feels sorry

(*Continued on page* 51)

LEGION THAT STILL BATTLES CASTRO

(*Continued from page* 23)

The Dominicans are working hard to make democracy work now, and they are enraged at Castro's attempts to touch off a Red revolt in their country.

"If Fidel wants to play dirty and smuggle in guerilla instructors and weapons for the local *Communistas,*" one senior Dominican officer said last month, "then we'll give him a taste of his own lousy medicine. If he likes sneaky fights, then we'll help the Alpha 66 boys and other exiles show him how it ought to be done. Let him see what it's like in his own backyard."

Operating from Dominican coves that are at least 200 miles closer to Cuba than Puerto Rico is, the various exile groups have been hitting Castroland much more frequently than the U.S. public realizes. They pulled off an average of three to five attacks per month since December 1962. The Jose Marti Brigade, named after the great Cuban hero of the 19th century struggle to kick out the Spanish, is among the most active. The Brigade is said to be financed by two wealthy Havana families that were among the earliest supporters of Castro, rich industrialists who couldn't stomach the corruption and degradation of Col. Fulgencio Batista. Having risked their lives and fortunes in undercover aid to Castro, these two families later grew equally disgusted with the brutal Red dictatorship that replaced Batista and fled from Cuba. They had large sums on deposit in Swiss banks, where their anonymous "numbered accounts" contained nearly $6,000,000. More than $550,000 of this has been spent for weapons and gear needed by the Jose Marti Brigade.

Strange as it seems, the guns are all Soviet-bloc hardware. The idea is actually a shrewd one, for it permits anti-Red guerillas and raiders to use ammo stolen from Castro's own dumps instead of having to haul heavy ammo bandoliers or crates of shells across the mined beaches. The weapons were bought from greedy quartermaster officers in Syria and Egypt, two nations that have received many shiploads of Communist weapons during the past five years. Several Egyptian and Syrian supply corps captains and majors have done a land-office business in bootlegging SKS carbines, *Avtomat* submachine-guns and Stechkin APS machine-pistols to a Levantine firm representing the Marti Brigade. An estimated 3,900 of these weapons, plus a score of 82 mm mortars and 50 RPG-2 Soviet bazookas, reached the Caribbean between August 1962 and June 1963. In addition, the anti-Castro exiles were able to buy thousands of RG-42 and RPG-6 grenades for use against both infantry and armored vehicles.

The very fact that these are Communist arms has often made anti-Castro operations easier, as was demonstrated last April when the Marti Brigade set out to destroy a military fuel dump near Santiago on the southeastern coast. Late one Saturday night—when the raiders knew that the local Reds would be busy at a big rum-and-vodka celebration honoring an Air Force major just back from jet training in Czechoslovakia—four crack bazooka pros of the Brigade were parachuted down from a twin-engine Beechcraft. They floated down on parachutes dyed black to reduce the chances of being spotted, and their missile launchers and rockets were dropped less than 200 yards away. The raiders buried their chutes, collected their weapons and waited impatiently in the scrubby brush beside the twisting rural road. They were all in Cuban Army uniforms, each man carrying a regular Iron Curtain rifle.

They began to sweat as the listened tensely. Then they heard the sound they'd been waiting for.

"Here he comes," the Marti Brigade sergeant named Rafael sighed in relief.

Seconds later, a large Russian ZIL-157 cargo truck rolled up. The driver stopped, blinking the headlights twice and then three times more. The commandos hustled out of the brush to exchange the password and countersign with the "corporal" behind the wheel.

"Hurry up, dammit. Let's get out of here," the Underground agent in the stolen military truck urged impatiently.

The parachutists loaded their gear into the rear of the Soviet-made truck, climbed in under the canvas hood scant seconds before the driver gunned it swiftly down the road. Some 20 minutes later, the four raiders suddenly felt the big vehicle slow down.

"Careful. Check-point here," the driver whispered to the men in the back.

Grimly aware that three machine-guns and the eyes of a dozen Castro militiamen were focused on him, the "corporal" pulled up to a halt some 15 yards from the check-point. Two militiamen with sub-machine-guns strolled over, scanned his forged credentials and glanced perfunctorily into the rear of the truck. All they saw were four men in regular Cuban Army uniforms with standard Soviet weapons, drowsing in the Russian military truck that was commonly used by the Castro forces.

"*Bueno. Adios,* comrade," the Communist sentry told the driver.

"*Vinceremos!*" the Underground agent answered casually in the stock salutation of Cuba's Red regime.

The truck rolled on for another three miles, when the driver abruptly turned off the road into a stand of trees. The raiders piled out, loaded their bazookas and set off for the crest of a nearby hill. They crouched low as they reached the top, and warily peered down over the ridge into the valley below. Sprawled before them was the oil tank "farm," a cluster of huge cylinders filled with diesel fuel for Castro's vaunted 1st Armored Division. The commando sergeant named Rafael assigned individual targets to his buddies, who sprawled flat as they took careful aim.

"Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . *FIRE!*" he ordered.

Then the night turned crimson. The four biggest tanks—each containing 10,000 gallons of oil—exploded as the bazooka shells struck. Even before the echoes of the blasts ended, huge fists of flame leaped skyward. A fiery tidal wave of burning oil swept over the shack that housed nine Communist guards, incinerating them and obliterating the wooden building within a few searing seconds. The flames spread to three other tanks, which exploded with ear-splitting blasts that sprayed fiery debris to within a few yards of the Marti raiders on the ridge.

"*Madre de Dios!* It looks like Hell itself!" Rafael gasped as he waved his band back to the truck. Before they climbed in, they all reloaded their bazookas for the fight they knew was waiting on their escape route to the coast.

They were not disappointed.

When the big truck reached the check-point, a Red lieutenant waved them over to the side of the road.

"Nobody goes through, comrades," he announced harshly. "We just got a phone call to stop everybody. Those lousy saboteurs again!"

"What saboteurs?" the driver asked in mock innocence.

"How the hell would I know? Some 'gusanos' hit the oil dump near Santiago. Pull over and stop gabbing!" the Communist officer ordered irritably.

The driver shrugged in apparent acceptance, spun the wheel and then suddenly turned his vehicle broadside. Before the Reds realized what was happening, the four 40 mm bazookas concealed inside poked out under the canvas canopy. The salvo of rockets hit the check-point at point-blank range, literally blowing the barrier and the Communist platoon to fragments.

The truck roared on, and an hour later the raiders were at sea.

Not all the raiders leave after hitting their targets. Some stay on because they are trapped, either bottled up by much larger Castro forces or somehow unable to reach their coastal rendezvous points. Last month, one nine-man squad of raiders was cornered by tanks seven miles from the port of Santa Cruz del Sur. The commandos—all members of the Democratic Students Legion—had destroyed a military radio station and radio detection van used to track down "illegal" transmitters. They had killed seven of Castro's fanatical S.I.M. (Military Intelligence Service), and they knew what agonies awaited them if they were taken alive. Not one of them was.

Some weeks earlier, 14 anti-Castro exiles came ashore near Portillo from a rather unusual "fishing boat" equipped with special engines that could scoot it along at 23 knots. These men came to blow up an ammo dump crammed with rockets and bombs for the Soviet-made MIG-19 jets. Fooling the ever-present sentries with their fishermen's smelly garb, they infiltrated inland to the depot. Using their well-honed fish knives, they silently gutted the guards as if they were tuna and slipped in to plant their time-bombs. Then, instead of turning back towards the Caribbean, they kept going further inland. This was not because they were trapped, but because the operation had been planned that way. The double mission was designed for both sabotage and long-term guerilla action. The 14 raiders marched up into the rock gorges of the Sierra Maestra, where they rendezvoused with 46 unarmed volunteers who wanted to join the Underground as full-time fighters. The saboteurs brought with them into the mountains both their professional skills (for training the raw recruits) and extra weapons (for arming the new combat unit).

This courageous band has been operating more than 90 miles from the coast, striking at any militia units trying to penetrate the rocky crags that once harbored another guerrilla chief named Fidel Castro. In the very ravines and atop the same sheer slopes where the bearded Red dictator battled Batista's regulars, these new Freedom Fighters are again opposing heavily armed government troops to liberate Cuba from tyranny. Despite the triple ring of Communist soldiers and tanks surrounding the Sierra

Maestra and the frequent Red air patrols, the 60 guerillas have managed to survive. That alone would be quite an achievement in the face of 80 to 1 odds, but the anti-Communist raiders have done more than that.

Only five weeks ago, a Cuban fisherman escaped by dinghy-sail across the Windward Passage to Haiti with news that these guerillas have already gone into action. They pulled a small raid on an Army outpost, deliberately let the Castro troops follow them in hot pursuit and led the soldiers into a strange but ingenious ambush. As the anti-Communist unit raced out one end of a gorge, the Red regulars hurried in behind them. They never got out. They were "bombed" and buried by a huge heap of boulders, rolled down by other raiders waiting on the ridges. The grinding smashing avalanche completely wiped out half a company of troops, reducing their seven trucks and three armored cars to twisted scrap. Entombed under hundreds of tons of slag and granite, the Communist soldiers were buried so deep that the local Army commanders didn't even bother to try to dig out the corpses.

Not all the exile raiding teams are nearly so large. Not too long ago, the Second National Front of the Escambray sent in a special attack force composed of a single technician for an unusual job. This individual is known as "The Electrician," and has proved as effective as a one-man army. To be correct, you ought to say a one-*woman* army. "The Electrician" is a 26-year-old female with a master's degree in electronics, plus a superb figure that has helped her out of many a scrape. Two of her brothers were killed in the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion and her father died before a Castro firing squad, so this angel-faced beauty has no compunctions about using the most extreme tactics against the Reds. Her most remarkable coup of 1963 was the destruction of the radar outpost near Santa Clara, a chilling stunt in which she combined her sexual talents and technical knowledge.

Assigned to wreck the coastal radar station, she came ashore in an odd "sea sled" bought from an Italian sporting goods manufacturer. This peculiar craft was developed from the "human torpedoes" of World War II, and brought her in at four knots per hour with only her head above the surface. She slipped in under all the radar, hid her bizarre vehicle in a cave and changed into dry clothes she'd carried in a pliofilm pouch. Using her lush figure to hitch a ride in a sugar truck, she got off less than a mile from the radar station. She walked until the sentry at the rear gate stopped her. When he challenged her, she explained her presence with a knowing wink.

"My boy friend stood me up," she said, "and I'm out looking for some strong healthy man who can help me teach him a lesson."

"I might know such a man," the guard chuckled as he admired her curves. "Come closer and let's talk it over."

She swivel-hipped her way up to him, close enough to knee him in the groin and then knock him unconscious with a side-of-the-hand chop to his Adam's apple. She was unarmed as she slipped inside, but her plan didn't require any guns or knives. She had a much more lethal scheme, one that she carried out quickly with a tiny pair of wire clippers and a set of rubber gloves. Then she left quickly, putting distance between herself and the fantastic booby trap.

At eight a.m., the morning shift arrived to take over at the radar station. The guard at the front gate waved them in casually, for he had no inkling of what had happened. The lieutenant in charge of the new shift opened the door of the building, led his crew in. *"Buenos dias,"* he said to the three men seated in front of the screens and dials. They didn't answer, didn't budge.

"You all asleep?" he grumbled.

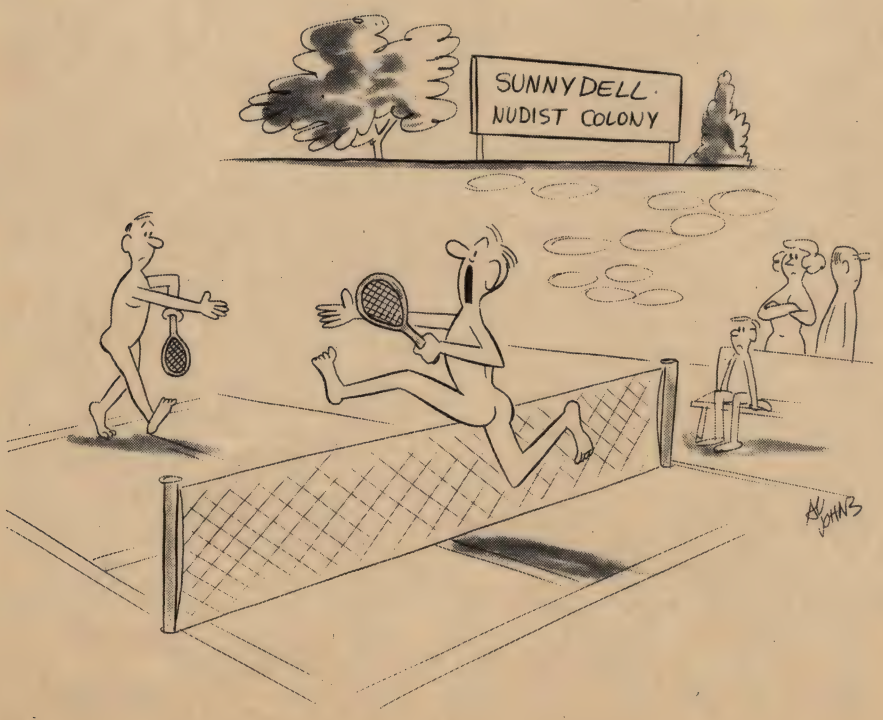
There was still no reply.

Annoyed, he stepped forward to shake one of them. Then he died, electrocuted by the same 16,000 volts that had killed the night shift and melted the radar tubes and circuits into rubbish. "The Electrician" had hooked a high tension power cable into the radar station feed, turning the entire apparatus into a super "electric chair." By the time the Red authorities figured this out and quizzed the dazed croaking sentry she'd knocked out, the lethal lady was many miles away. Today, she is still operating in central Cuba —tapping the wires leading to military and police headquarters.

Other Underground agents are also busy monitoring the Castro regime's telephone and radio communications, for the information secured provides valuable leads for potential sabotage and ambush targets. A month and a half ago, an anti-Red "tapper" heard that two captured Alpha 66 raiders were to be transferred from the S.I.M. headquarters in Camaguey to a concentration camp for political prisoners outside Matanzas. The word was radioed to an exile base in Central America, from which orders for a "delivery" crackled back within the hour. That same night, a plane took off to parachute a flame-thrower technician into the foothills beyond Camaguey. This man, code-named Alfredo, was waiting under a heap of sugar-cane stalks in a truck on the road that the prison van had to take. As the van slowed down to pass, Alfredo blitzed the driver and guard with a three second burst of flame. Then he hopped out, shot the lock off the burning van and dragged out the stunned captives. Two days later, they were all safe in a guerrilla hide-out in the Escambray Mountains.

A different team of raiders planned to rip open the concentration camp itself for a mass liberation, but this operation failed. The three motor launches were spotted by a Castro patrol boat 16 miles off the coast, and after a running fight the little fleet had to run when Red MIG's appeared on the horizon. The launches shot up the Communist patrol boat pretty well with their 20 mm cannon in the skirmish. Fortunately, a tropical storm closed in over the area to blind the pursuing Communist jets as the attacking launches made good their escape. They had the satisfaction of hearing over the radios, the conversation in which the skipper of the patrol boat announced that his crew was abandoning the sinking ship because of dozens of holes below the waterline.

Not all the Alpha 66 and Marti Brigade volunteers are assigned to single spectacular raids, for the anti-Castro forces know that they must mount a continuing, sustained, increasing campaign of sabotage and psychological warfare to bring down the Moscow-dominated regime. Some of the men smuggled ashore are instructors sent to teach anti-Castro Cubans the fine points of subtle destruction. They concentrate on the art of using locally-available items or simple methods of sabotage. Sugar in an armored car's gas tank, the fraying of wire screens to let rats into Army food depots, how to blur the shipping labels on cartons of radio parts to misdirect them, methods of jamming the sprinkler systems and fire alarms in government office buildings plus assorted techniques for causing blazes in sugar fields are among the main points in these efficient courses.



"Yeowwweee!"

In addition, the use of false rumors and tips is beginning to pay big dividends. Stories that a certain Red fanatic is really a secret Underground sympathizer frequently send that hard-shell Communist off to the S.I.M. torture chambers, while rumors about non-existent "battalions" of "C.I.A. mercenaries" have sent weary government troops racing through the night for 100 miles or more to chase the phantoms. Sometimes, "just to keep the soldiers honest," the anti-Castro raiders will leave a mine in the road to blow up the lead truck or scout car.

The exile groups are getting more skillful in the use of assorted mines, both their own homemade products and stolen Russian ordnance. One group of Alpha 66 frogmen is said to have sunk two coastal freighters and a patrol boat with mines planted off the northern coast last summer, and a force of Marti Brigade demolition experts is reported to have "killed" an airplane. They are believed to have "shot down" a MIG-21 by ingeniously concealing a 70 pound charge under the runway. The plane fired it on the way to take-off, destroying the new jet and the Red pilot as well.

Latest reports on all these operations indicate that the size and scope of the exiles' assaults are increasing. Equally important, they are improving their coordination with the Underground units still resisting inside Cuba. These anti-Castro networks were badly shaken by the failure of the Bay of Pigs, by the mass police round-ups that followed and by the 1963 U.S. decision to bar any attacks on Cuba from U.S. soil. Today, the Underground is getting up off the deck and beginning to rebuild. There are quite a few people in the Caribbean who believe that the Central Intelligence Agency is quietly encouraging this, but rumors that C.I.A. is secretly supplying funds and sabotage equipment to the exiles are impossible to confirm. If it is being done, the operation is being carried out with a highly impressive amount of cunning, camouflage and discretion. So far as anyone can tell—with any degree of certainty—the anti-Castro Cubans are now fighting alone.

But the Alpha 66 heroes and the courageous fighters of the other exile groups are not discouraged.

"We know that once we can show how effectively we can rip and run, how badly we can hurt the Reds with a bigger guerrilla campaign, we will get U.S. help again," one raider colonel told an American journalist a few weeks ago. "I am absolutely certain that Uncle Sam won't let us down."

There is very substantial reason to believe that he is correct. There are definite signs that powerful intelligence and military commanders are already urging a resumption of undercover help for this weird secret war, the shadowy struggle that must inevitably set Cuba free. END

WOMEN AROUND THE WORLD

(*Continued from page* 19)

case she dares to try to run away.

In countries like these, getting rid of unwanted wives or concubines is a profitable process. You simply sell them for cash.

Moslems, too, have kept divorce a strictly male prerogative. Under Moslem law, all a man need do is to tear up his marriage papers, face east, and repeat three times: "I divorce thee!" His wife must then leave without alimony or support while he keeps the children.

Then there are those countries which had the flower of their manhood depleted in World War II. Because German, Austrian and English males habitually marry a girl several years younger than themselves, these countries still have a disproportionate surplus of marriageable young women. Another extensive surplus of attractive gals exists in Latin America where poverty prevents a sizable chunk of the male populace from marrying.

Obviously, the rest of the world is a happy hunting ground for that most sought after specimen of man—the American male on the loose. Here are women raised and trained with one purpose in mind—to give affection and pleasure to a male. Here are gals who'll always agree with you, shine your shoes, conserve your money and—in some cases—even share their affections with a second, third or fourth wife or concubine. Man, what we guys are missing by staying home!

How, then, do foreign women actually stack up on such matters as chastity, sex, adultery and divorce? Which women, out of some 118 *different foreign nationalities, make the best mates for Americans?*

That depends on what you're looking for: blonde European beauties who could pass for Americans but who are perfectly content to let you wear the pants; chic, young Oriental dolls in sleek, formfitting modern clothes, trained from childhood to wait on you hand and foot; or sultry Moslem or Latin American babes with *cafe au lait* complexions and dark flashing eyes, ready to obey your every command.

Here to help you choose, are the sexual statistics—or "erotistics"—on the eight most sexually attractive nationalities plus a briefing on how to meet and handle the female of the species in each case:

1. Every taxi driver in Singapore knows the office of Ah Ling Fou. You reach it through the back of a nondescript "go-down" off Arab Street.

Bales of brocade conceal the rickety staircase that leads up, past an ever vigilant guard, into a modern air conditioned office where a well fed Chinaman sits behind a glass-topped desk in an expensively cut suit of English tweed.

Here, in the solemn atmosphere of a bank president's office, Ah Ling Fou trades in the radiant flesh of Oriental women.

After brief preliminary discussions, the girls parade in from their adjoining quarters. There are tall, slender Chinese girls in bright tops and cotton slacks, and oval-faced Malayan beauties in transparent blouses and gay sarongs with gold slippers on their dainty feet. You take your pick and you pay the price and the girl becomes your chattel.

For centuries, the poverty stricken Chinese of Fukien and Kwangtung Provinces have sold their girl children to traders in human flesh. Of course, it's illegal. But custom dies hard, the tongs are powerful and the girls themselves abet it.

No girl who has once enjoyed the luxury of a modern apartment wants to return to her parents' primitive shack. So, despite the fact that the original supply source has been cut off by Red China, the training farms continue to be nourished by an equally plentiful supply of girls obtained from half-starved Chinese refugees.

Malayan girls, in turn, are mostly the destitute wives of Moslem husbands who uttered the magic phrase, "I divorce thee" three times and promptly turned their wives out.

How do Asian girls rate? Dressed in a tight-fitting slit skirt dress, these brunette bombshells acquire fluid motions and a liquid grace that few men can resist.

As one of the most westernized of Asia's people, the Chinese readily accept our ideas and customs and your Chinese babe soon becomes as adept with a mixmaster as with chopsticks.

So if you want a doll who will look as good at 45 as most American women of 35, who won't answer back, won't demand a Cadillac or harass you to work harder and earn more, just head for Singapore, hail a cab and have a heart-to-heart talk with the driver.

2. Ever seen a belly dancer, a *real* one from Egypt or Morocco? Kurt Haufman hadn't either until he happened to see Nila in a Tangier cabaret. To throbbing drums, the deep-breasted, wide-hipped Moroccan girl gyrated from the shadows and performed the most sensual, writhing dance that Kurt had ever seen.

Later, Haufman invited the girl to his table. He liked her throaty, resonant voice and thick black hair and before the night was out, he'd bought Nila from the management to be his concubine.

But like most men, Kurt thirsted for more than one woman. A few weeks later, he stood in the Djemaa El Fna—the great main square of Marrakech—watching a fertility dance performed by a group of *guedra* women from far to the south.

Down on their knees, the women swayed in erotic contortions to wild desert drums and eerie flutes. Each of the women was strikingly beautiful, and Kurt learned that they were a sheik's private courtesans. At all times, they lived far removed from the greedy gaze of men in their own private quarters at the *Arsat El Huta,* or Garden of the Fish.

It didn't take Kurt long to get around to the Garden of the Fish and meet their custodian. He learned that the sheik would release these exotic women only for marriage. So Kurt promptly married Tetifa, the most buxom of the bunch.

"No one questioned my wife and concubine," Kurt told me when I met him in a cafe in the old Moroccan town of Fez. "Since then, I've married another wife and bought another concubine—four women in all."

All four lived in his apartment, Kurt explained, and there was no jealousy at all.

"All my women are 'country girls' from out in the Sahara," he went on. "All four came from a primitive feudal background. Back in the old days, Moslem warriors killed all their male enemies and took over the women. So their laws always allowed a man more than one wife.

"The Koran says, 'Men are in charge of women because Allah made one of them to excel the other.' And the Prophet proclaimed that any man could have up to four wives provided he supplied each with the same economic benefits. My women accept all this without question."

But, Kurt said, city women were wising up fast. Some modern Moroccan girls have begun to make such heavy economic demands on their husbands that the poor guys could never afford a second wife.

To date, however, female emancipation has yet to reach the fastnesses of the Sahara or the jungles of Central Africa. Here a man can still rent a green-tiled villa furnished with oriental carpets and satin divans and for a few hundred bucks, buy himself a couple of wives and a gaggle of pretty concubines.

"It's hard to believe," Kurt said, "but these women invariably fall in love with you after you buy them or marry them. They've never married for love. Even today, all marriages are arranged by parents, often without the couple having set eyes on each other. Here, love comes *after* marriage. And boy, their passion is hotter than a volcano on fire."

Don't worry about language difficulties. Kurt explained. Love-making doesn't call for articulate conversation and these women will never bore you by going off on an intellectual or cultural kick.

A few Moslem countries have already clamped down on polygamy, but by and large, a man may still have at least four wives in most areas of Africa and the Middle East. You can choose between the fair-skinned Arab beauties of the north or the lissome, darker-toned women from the Sahara.

3. Back in the Middle Ages, the Moroccans invaded Spain and implanted there the same marital customs I've just described. In turn, the Spaniards invaded Latin America and brought to our continent the marital and sexual customs of the Sahara oases.

Of course, polygamy had to go overboard. But thanks to old Moroccan law, Latin America is still a man's world all the way.

Back in 1521, a group of 400 Spaniards conquered all of Mexico in a daring enterprise that changed world history. As conquerors, the Spaniards lost no time in mating with the Indian women.

Both races were noted for the beauty of their females. So it wasn't surprising that these unions produced ravishingly beautiful female offspring.

Both the Spaniards and the Indian maidens were prolific breeders. Today, over 75 percent of Mexico's population are *mestizo*—half Spanish, half Indian—and the proportion of well developed, flawless beauties is astonishingly high.

Down through the years, Mexico's males carefully upheld Moroccan traditions of male supremacy. Until recently, an unmarried woman could not leave home until she was 30 and no woman could obtain a passport or own property without the consent of her husband or father. Not until 1954 were Mexican women permitted to vote.

Save in cities near the American border, conditions aren't much different today. Admittedly, many young girls now work before marriage. But they're always under the watchful eye of a chaperoning *duena*. Once the ring is on their finger, they quit work entirely and devote themselves exclusively to their husband and home.

Marrying a Mexican girl is like becoming a king on a throne. Custom dictates that your wife cannot go outdoors without your permission. Your word is law.

But you'd better be full of pep and stamina. Due to their prolific love-making abilities, Mexico's women have created a population explosion. Large families are a national fetish and you'd better not fail your gal. For Mexico today has the second fastest growing population on earth.

Obviously if you're seeking a girl who is really a man fan, who has voluptuous looks, a hot passionate affection and who is guaranteed a virgin to boot, you should head for Mexico on the very next plane.

"Meeting the *senoritas* is easy," an old Mexico hand explains. "The stores, the banks, the offices are full of 'em. But be prepared to buy *three* movie tickets when you date. For *mamacita* always goes along to chaperone.

"This is real old-fashioned courtship, see. But it's actually easy. Because the whole thing is settled between you and the girl's father. You simply ask him for her hand in the good old-fashioned way and if he thinks you've got what it takes, she's yours."

Like their Moroccan forbears, many Mexican girls still marry without being in love. But a deep, lasting love invariably follows.

Some Mexican wives may tolerate your having an outside mistress. But never try to bring a concubine into your *casa*. The two don't mix.

Mexican men observe a strict double standard. The type of gal you can marry wears a size 14 halo. The type you can get without saying "I do" remains a social outcast.

In reality, she may not deserve it. Every year, thousands of innocent young Mexican housemaids are seduced by the youths of the household.

For this one mistake, a girl must pay for life. With an illegitimate child, she has three choices: she can remain a housemaid; become a prostitute; or live with a man as his common-law wife.

Most of these unfortunate gals jump at the chance to become a guy's common-law wife. So if you'd like a *senorita* who has probably made just one mistake and regretted it ever since—and who has all the other attributes of the "good" Mexican girl—then here's your chance to wallow in love without the entangling paraphernalia of bona fide matrimony.

How do you arrange it? Just head for any large city south of the border. Then spread the word around, to taxi drivers, your hotel clerk and other likely confidantes. Within a week, I'll guarantee you'll be kicking your heels in ecstasy.

4. Since World War II, 4,000 GI's have married Japanese brides. Few if any of these guys seem to have any regrets. To find out why, I called on an old acquaintance, Glen Roberts, who a few years ago married Noriko—a bouncy 100 pounder from Kyoto—and brought her home to live in the States.

I found Bill in a typical suburban split-level home surrounded by a color-splashed yard of flowers, which I guessed was Noriko's handiwork. In the living room, Bill sat in a bathrobe cooling off from a long, hot soak in a deep Japanese bath he had built.

"Nothing like it," he yawned, completely relaxed. "Every night Noriko insists on preparing the bath, then she scrubs me, soaks me, gives me a massage and lays out my fresh clothes. Excuse me while I dress."

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Noriko came in with my slug of bourbon, a beautifully proportioned, slender waisted doll with a mischievous smile lighting up her bright eyes and heart-shaped face.

"Take your shoes off, Kent," Glen said. "Tonight we're dining Japanese style."

I obeyed and found they'd transformed their spare bedroom into a typically Japanese room complete with *tatami* mats, a low table and a scroll of expressive calligraphy on the wall.

"As our guest, you sit with your back to the scroll," Glen explained. "Usually, I sit there because it's an old Japanese custom that women must always see their men against the most flattering background.

"It's their way. Noriko never disagrees or quarrels. All she ever does is build me up to the skies. Don't you, baby?" and he squeezed the petite doll.

Noriko slipped away to change into a kimono with long, flowing sleeves, then came in with a tray full of dishes. To my surprise, she dropped to her knees, bowed several times and still on her knees, shuffled towards the table.

"Old Japanese custom, showing deference to the male," Glen whispered, as we slid under the low table and leaned back on the arm-rests he had built.

Still kneeling, Noriko set out an artistically planned array of dishes. Dexterously, she removed the bones from our fish, picked out the meat from our lobster shells to save us the trouble, cut up our steaks and constantly refilled our glasses of wine.

"This is really living," Glen said. "Can you imagine an American wife babying you along like this: filleting your fish, filling your glass? And I can tell you she's just as good at everything else."

Later, Noriko did another switch: donned a stylish modern suit and pin-heeled shoes and shook out her Madame Butterfly hair-do into a youthful pony tail. Then she climbed behind the wheel of Glen's Buick and drove us downtown for an evening of bowling.

If Noriko was typical, Glen and his 33,999 other buddies clearly have it made. Here are gals who treat you like a medieval lord at home, yet are completely at ease in our fast-moving twentieth century.

I asked Glen how I could find a Japanese girl.

"There's only one snag," he smiled. "They're all in Japan."

Provided you're willing to make the trip, he explained, you should have no difficulty. Japanese cities are overflowing with cute pint-sized dolls and they're not hard to meet.

Some might not want to leave Japan, but if *Papa-san* says yes, most will go along. But, he warned, it's important to make sure you choose a *good* girl. The bars are crammed with not-so-good girls who are always available for a passing affair.

5. It was Bengt Danielsson, anthropologist on the *Kon-Tiki* expedition, who concluded that Polynesian women were abnormally oversexed.

When the first missionaries arrived in the South Seas, they were horrified when local chiefs—in a gesture of hospitality—offered the missionaries their daughters as bedmates for the night.

In their carefree lives as children of nature, the Polynesians have never seen any reason why sex should be suppressed. Victorian prudery never touched these idyllic Pacific isles. And far from being suppressed today, sex is actively encouraged.

From the time they attain puberty at 11 or 12, the girls of Tahiti and other islands consider it their duty to gain as much sexual skill and experience as they can possibly acquire.

In their provocative walk, in their sultry conversation, in whatever they happen to be doing, these laughing brown girls reveal their desire for unrestrained indulgence. If they can bear a baby or two before marriage, so much the better. For no Polynesian male wishes to marry a woman who may be sterile.

The women are well aware of their world-wide fame and are proud of their reputation as the world's greatest lovers. Tahitian males, especially, place great value on a woman's skill in executing a fast, rolling movement of the hips.

This ability, the girls display most effectively in the tempestuous Tahitian hula, a wildly sexual dance guaranteed to excite the passions of a chloroformed rhinoceros.

What kind of mates are these supple-hipped beauties?

Every year, dozens of young Americans go out to the islands to find the answer. None find any problems in locating a mate. Wherever you look, there are girls with a yellow hibiscus tucked in the right-hand side of their long black hair (meaning "I'm available; if on the left side it means "Hands Off! I'm taken").

Some Americans, those with real stamina and endurance, make the grade. Some may even marry the island lassies. But after a while, the majority of guys simply give up.

"My God," one exhausted Chicagoan told me in Tahiti. "They said this was the island of love. But they didn't tell me I'd have love hour by hour, day in and day out for six solid weeks. And in between, all she talks about is love. I'll admit it. I'm licked."

Think you can do better? It takes a strong man with strong nerves to handle these Polynesian babes. And if you try it, better be prepared for a liberal education in the art of making love.

6. It's a far cry from the South Seas to Sweden, from a primitive island culture to a prosperous, highly civilized semi-socialist Utopia. Amazingly, however, you'll find almost the same sexual freedom in one as in the other.

How did this situation develop? With their every problem taken care of by the state—even unmarried mothers can receive a $60 loan to buy furniture—life apparently has become a bore for most Swedish women.

"In other countries, women expend their energies in the normal trials of living," a sociologist explains. "But here, with everything provided for, women lead an unbiological life. Swedish women, therefore, have an excess of energy and are constantly ready to seek an adventure."

Other experts have suggested the reason may lie in the Swedes' pagan background. As they're so sunstarved, a Swedish girl's reaction to the sun's first rays in spring is to strip nude and soak it up—and they do exactly that on every Swedish beach.

Other experts see it as a revolt against the conflicts of the Swede's highly complicated and sophisticated personalities. Due to their casual sex attitudes, no Swedish man or woman these days need go sexually unsatisfied.

Hence guilt complexes, repression and all other Freudian problems have practically disappeared. Neither psychiatrists nor bordellos flourish in this modern welfare state.

Mind you, this is no place to put on the male supremacy act! These long-legged beauties with their finely sculptured torsos expect to meet you on equal terms.

You'll find Swedish women well fed, well scrubbed, well groomed, well dressed, well educated and well mannered—so well mannered, in fact, that first off you'll think them formal and stiff.

But that ordered formality is all on the surface. Underneath, smoulders a fire of passion ready to flare up at the slightest stimulation.

But you've got to know the ropes.

First, meeting them. Assuming you're in Stockholm and you've got your neck back in joint after twisting it half off at every passing Venus, you might take a look in at the NK Department store—a plush emporium staffed by what every male visitor swears are the world's best looking salesgirls. All the girls speak English and even if you have to end up buying something, they're easy to talk to and easy to date.

Then there are dozens of other stores, offices and cafes, each offering its excuse to introduce yourself to the beautiful girls. Lastly, you can try the dance halls and amusement parks where the gals almost pick *you* up. Or as the final effort —never been known to miss—go into a night club like the *Mosebacke* where your invitation to dance is *never* turned down.

Once you've got your Swedish gal, you're in for a surprise. You'll find she's not only 100 percent woman but also a completely emancipated buddy who can think, talk and act on a man's terms.

Never make the mistake of giving your Greta a present. She'll be terribly insulted, thinking you're trying to purchase her favors.

A Swedish girl will give herself. But she can never be bought, not even by dangling a wedding ring.

Not until she has developed a genuinely deep feeling or deep attraction for you will she give herself (this by the way, needn't take long). But after that, her generosity is overwhelming.

Now these women are frank. To check up on your chances, you can always pop the question openly and you'll receive a flat "yes" or "no" with no hard feelings attached if it's "no." Naturally, a little alcohol can always rekindle the flame so that an early "no" often turns into a "yes" later on.

Few women in Sweden are teetotallers and it won't be long before, through your girl, you'll be invited to an outdoor crawfish roast. At these old Viking events, it's traditional to down a glass of aquavit for every claw you eat. Most Swedish gals are good for at least 20 claws!

To show you how eager are the Swedes to help you get acquainted at such events, they even publish a give-away booklet entitled *How To Feel At Home In Sweden*. Under "How to *Skal*," it reads: "The lady on your right, in particular, will appreciate your toasting her. The glass is raised slightly from the table and on catching your partner's eye, smile, bow slightly to your lady and then say *'Skal.'* Drink and salute with your glass."

Well, after downing 20 claws and *Skalling* 20 aquavits, they'll start some good old Viking songs. By now, pretty well all the gals are on fire and each gal is

on the right of the guy who caught her eye during all the *Skals.* Gradually, one by one, the *Skal-ling* partners leave the firelight, stay away a while, say a polite thank you and farewell, and return to the group.

What if 10 percent of all Swedish children are illegitimate? Since there can be no sin in Sweden, "illegitimate" children are considered perfectly natural and are accepted later by the husband like a child of his own.

Is a Swedish gal for you?

Let's face it. The Swedes are 30 years ahead of us in civilization, morals, psychology and just about everything else. If you can mentally jump those 30 intervening years and catch up to Swedish ideas, you'll find Swedish women the most sensational experience in the entire catalog of modern womanhood. If not, better drop the idea and stick to Old World femmes instead.

7. Can 50,000 French *women* be wrong? According to a survey, published recently by the French Institute of Public Opinion, most French women are love starved and spend their time dreaming of tenderness.

Out of the thousands interviewed in this French Kinsey report, only 46 percent of French women found their sex life satisfactory. Large numbers of French women regard sex as a duty, many dread it.

Are the French a nation of frigid women?

Not at all, say French women (who produced the great mistresses: Pompadour, duBarry and Maintenon). The trouble lies with French *men* who, as a group, are guilty of serious incompatibility, alcoholism, brutality and adultery in that order.

History reveals that French men have a long record of cruelty and debauchery and have constantly sought aphrodisiacs. In the 17th century, for example, wealthy Frenchmen founded the Aphrodites, an order of advanced debauchery.

After passing a rigorous three-hour qualifying test and paying $28,000 to join, members were whisked off to a palatial country estate where they prostrated themselves before a pantheon of love gods and goddesses.

As a stimulant, they first dined on crocodile kidneys. Then they spent 24 hours in a padded taffeta love nest with two members of the opposite sex. For years, the Aphrodites' membership role listed hundreds of prominent princes and politicians.

Is it all a myth about Frenchmen being the great Gallic lovers? Apparently. For only 29 percent of French women reported ever having known a really great love.

"What France needs is five million romantic men," one French bachelor girl told me. "Frenchmen are so unromantic that instead of looking for love in a man, we've come to look for security."

Although French women would prefer to rely on their heart, they must rely on their head in choosing a man. Among Frenchmen, they prefer a man who is solid and serious and economically secure. So the world sees French women as hard, cold and practical—marrying for success instead of love.

It isn't true. Faced with an American —us soft-hearted, gentle suckers trained to give our all to women—the French woman's protective armor melts away.

She begins to ooze warmth and beauty. She becomes chic and vivacious. In us Americans she discovers all the romantic qualities which her own men are lacking.

For most French women, meeting an American male means release for all her suppressed love and tenderness. But she'll still retain her practical qualities.

Of all women, the French are the best cooks, the best dressers, the best money managers and—according to the survey—the most moral of all western women.

Meet a *mam'selle,* bring that missing spark to her life, and you'll find the most perfect woman you can imagine.

8. Invariably, when men gather to discuss the ideal woman, someone suggests the German *fraulein* as the ideal compromise between a modern, intelligent companion and a well built, hardworking housewife who has yet to challenge male superiority.

Sound advice. But you can do even better. Just south of Germany lies Austria, a land of buxom, fresh-faced milkmaids where all the teutonic traditions are steadfastly upheld but where, in addition, the gals have an Italian vivacity lacking in the *fraulein* from the north. And just in case you don't care for the dairymaid type, Austria has its own unique species of female: the Viennese —a sophisticated, fragile doll straight out of a porcelain doll factory.

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In recent years, both Austrian species have gained a reputation for light morals and an easy attitude towards relations with the opposite sex. Could it be because Sigmund Freud practiced in Vienna?

Very possibly, because Austrian women are skilled at psychoanalyzing men. Within minutes of meeting any Austrian gal, you'll be given a complete report on your conflicts and motivations with specific recommendations on how to free your sex drive from its Victorian repressions.

Or perhaps it's due to the long succession of wars and occupations under which Austrian women have learned to live. The Nazis encouraged sexual casualness and following their nation's losses in World War II, Austrian women continue to outnumber men.

Whatever the reason, Austrian women rank as the most charming females in the world today. In them, you'll discover the lingering Old World grace and hospitality of the Franz Josef era; the teutonic desire to please and entertain a man; and a completely abandoned desire to live it up and to hell with all the ambition and struggle.

Take a stroll down Vienna's main drag, the *Karntnerstrasse,* and get an eyeful of these smart looking cuties. In case you didn't know it, their flirtatious eyes would tell you that at least one in three are bachelor girls. At cocktail time, you'll find these same unattached females crowding the cafes and bars; and they're such natural flirts you simply can't come away empty handed.

Right away, you'll discover these women are hearty eaters: they're never happier than when exploring your psyche over chocolate cake and whipped cream in a *Konditorei.*

After that, their *gemutlichkeit* starts to show. Your Austrian babe will haul you off to Vienna's big Prater Amusement Park for a whirl on the giant ferris wheel you saw in *The Third Man,* then into a beer garden where you'll slap and clap each other in a *Schuhplatter* bout. When it comes to living it up, these Viennese have an inexhaustible supply of exhausting amusements.

But whether you intend to marry the gal or not, the end is always the same. No Austrian girl would dream of marrying without having sampled her mate's compatibility beforehand.

If you do decide to keep her for a soulmate, you've found yourself a buy. She'll shine your shoes and stuff you till you're cross-eyed with delicious goulash, steaks and pastries. And she'll ply you with wine, woman and song till the end of your happy days.

Now a few off-trail hints on finding these charming creatures who will positively refuse to let you do the dishes—or anything else except make love:

First: go alone—a single American man isn't conspicuous enough to stir jealous local males into shouting, "Hands Off The Natives!"

Second: always carry a lighter so you can oblige flirtatious females when they ask for a light.

Third: keep your trap shut about the local plumbing.

Well, there you are. I've given you the complete run-down on Eve-teasing around the world, on where to find really feminine females, on how to relieve bedroom boredom. The rest is up to you. So, *cherchez la femme!* Good Luck! END

RED ARMY REBELLION THAT ROCKED RUSSIA

(*Continued from page* 29)

optimistic *Wehrmacht* lieutenant in his diary: "We can already see the towers of the Kremlin. The *Fuhrer's* dream will soon be realized."

That officer failed to reckon with Andrei Vlasov, who had no time for bitterness now that the foreign invader was pounding at the gates. Vlasov, by this time a marshal, was serving under Marshal Zhukov. War correspondent Eve Curie, interviewing Vlasov while he was conducting the defense of Moscow, described him as "a man who waged war with something more than courage—he waged it with passion."

Vlasov's passion for Mother Russia turned the *Fuhrer's* dream of swastikas fluttering atop the Kremlin into a nightmare of fields littered with German corpses. Moscow was saved—and Vlasov became the Soviet's man of the hour.

Six months later triumph turned into stark despair. In the spring of 1942 Stalin ordered Vlasov to take over command of the 2nd Soviet Assault Army, then fighting for its life along the banks of the Volkhov River, where it was surrounded.

Vlasov lacked ammo and provisions for his men. Yet he cut through the German encirclement, gouged out a narrow escape corridor. But in order to consolidate his position he needed to reestablish his supply line, needed reinforcements.

He didn't get them. Nothing came. The Kremlin had decided that the 2nd Assault Army was expendable.

When Vlasov realized that, his hatred for the regime returned with an intensity that haunted him night and day. Refusing Stalin's offer to airlift him and a couple of other senior officers out of the area, he led his men back to the ice-coated swamps and marshes dotting the regions around the Volkhov River.

There, with the start of summer, disaster overtook the 2nd Assault Army. A harsh sun melted away the last of the winter ice. The bogs thawed and turned into a stinking horror of decayed vegetation. Swarms of disease-carrying flies and mosquitoes attacked the weak, wasted Russians. Hunger and marsh-fever cut them down in wholesale lots. Stumbling deeper and deeper into the marshland to evade the ever-tightening German noose, they drowned or simply rotted to death. Repeatedly Vlasov appealed to the Kremlin for help, repeatedly was ignored. His soldiers continued to die.

Most of his men weren't really soldiers. They were untrained peasants suddenly handed an army uniform. One day Vlasov had seen a group of them run away in terror at the sight of a German tank looming on the horizon. But the men didn't act out of strict cowardice, he knew. They just didn't know what a tank was: nobody had told them.

Finally came the most terrible morning of his Volkhov retreat. An aide shook Vlasov awake shortly after dawn and whispered something in his ear. At first he couldn't grasp the full meaning of the words. When at last he did, his whole body shook with a spasm of revulsion. He staggered outside and gulped marsh air until he felt a little better. But he still heard the aide's words:

"A sergeant in Captain Zhilenkov's company died during the night . . . his starving comrades went crazy looking at him . . . those lunatics hacked at the dead sergeant with their knives . . ."

That was the first instance of cannibalism among his troops. It was not to be the last. But the horror of it cracked open the seed of Vlasov's hatred, and a plan lying half-formed in his mind now flowered fully: *All those Russian POW's inside Germany, all those Bolshevik-hating men—they could be welded into a powerful army of liberation that would wipe Russia clean of the Communist disease . . .*

He was sure the Germans would go along with such a plan, which would relieve their manpower drain on the eastern front. He was convinced he was the man to weld such a liberation army into a fighting machine. But he couldn't surrender to the Germans, couldn't bring himself to do that deliberately, no matter how much he wanted to fight his Kremlin bosses . . .

History abounds with coincidences. Vlasov is one example. About the time he trudged out of the swamps to hide in that dilapidated shanty on the outskirts of Novgorod, a small faction of the German High Command was trying to put into effect the very plan he had figured out for himself!

Actually, the idea of using Russian troops to fight the Reds was an obvious scheme—to anyone who knew the facts and had some ingenuity.

The facts were nothing short of incredible. From the start, the Germans found themselves drowning in a sea of Soviet prisoners. Total for the first five months: 2½ million Red captives.

Hitler was delighted. "Ship the captives to Poland and put them to work growing potatoes for our German dinner tables," he ordered.

That a high percentage of this potential manpower clamored to fight on the German side made no impression at all on the *Fuhrer.*

But it did make an impression on Lt. Gen.. Hans Joust and Captain Franz Kellner, Eastern Section *Wehrmacht* officers. They didn't give a damn about potatoes for the German *hausfrau.* They were interested in winning a war. And as far as they were concerned, forming the Communist-hating Russian prisoners into a combat unit was the most effective way of winning it.

Enthusiastically, they prepared a confidential memo outlining their ideas. It was directed to Hitler's attention. The two optimistic officers expected a prompt response. They got it.

"This is an unpatriotic scheme!" Hitler screamed. "I'll never permit it to be executed! The Russians are all *untermenschen*—inferior people! I won't have them carrying arms. Only Germans will fight for Germany!"

Heinrich Himmler, who attended this session, solemnly intoned, *"Ja, mein Fuhrer.* You are right—as always."

Joust and Kellner sighed, retreated,

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licked their wounds over a few bottles of *schnapps*.

"Ah, the waste," grumbled Kellner, "all those Russians—hungry to shoot Communists. The dreadful waste . . ."

"What we need is a figurehead, Kellner. Some highly-respected Russian whom our anti-Communist POW's could rally around. Such a man could even help create an uprising inside the Soviet Union itself!"

"Supposing we had him—what about Hitler?"

"Hitler would have to go along," said Joust. "With our eastern offensive beginning to bog down, he has no choice."

Covertly, the search for the right Russian began. All important POW's were screened, considered, rejected. Then Vlasov fell into the German net. And what a fish, as far as the *Wehrmacht* was concerned—splendidly courageous, a brilliant tactician, a war hero. Most important of all, as adroit questioning brought out, he harbored a deep dislike for Communism.

This fish was *not* thrown back into the sea of ordinary prisoners.

Vlasov was wined and dined by that faction of the *Wehrmacht* interested in creating the anti-Soviet army. He was comfortably esconsced in a special camp reserved for important political captives. And sly feelers were put out as bait.

Vlasov took his time about grabbing the bait. He was no fascist-lover. He knew the Germans couldn't be trusted. He had his own price for helping Germany win in Russia—that price was a democratic Russia free of German interference.

The *Wehrmacht* was well aware of Vlasov's reservations. Its propaganda section went to work on him. Session after session was devoted to the job of whittling away at his suspicions. Nobody pushed him: this was a case of using the soft sell to put over the Big Lie.

They were right. The whole brainwashing process took a little over 30 days. Then Vlasov agreed to recruit the Russian POW's into an anti-Soviet army.

Yet when he finally consented, his backers weren't particularly overjoyed. They had been busily trying to build up pressure for their Russian army among other influential Nazis. So far they were conspicuously unsuccessful.

Kellner voiced the sentiments of all those in on the scheme when he said, *"Gut,* we have Vlasov. Now what do we do with him? Hitler is still dead-set against arming the Russian POW's and Himmler flatly refuses to intercede for us."

General Joust, sprawled in a corner, his eyes closed with boredom, spoke up for the first time. "We don't tell him a thing. We stall. And we make him pay for his fodder—by grinding out propaganda for us!"

They set up Vlasov's headquarters in Debendorf, a suburb of Berlin. The whole deal was accompanied with a lot of phony backslapping, false fanfare. Vlasov, of course, had no idea he was simply being used.

Now he worked with a fanatic's zeal. He wrote inflammatory leaflets that were airdropped by the thousands inside Russia, calling for the people to revolt. He issued manifestos and declarations by the score. He toured the Soviet Union's occupied area, spoke to huge crowds of cheering Russians, exhorted them to join his army.

Letters from prospective volunteers poured in at a fantastic rate. Sometimes several thousand were dumped on Vlasov's desk in the course of a single day. Periodically he called Joust or Kellner, or ushered them into his office so they could see the letters for themselves.

"When do we start building up an army?" he kept asking. "What's the point of all this delay?"

Their replies were always vague, misleading. And he was sent back to his propaganda desk, to grind out more leaflets, bulletins, propaganda sheets of an anti-Communist nature.

Months went by like that before a division of Russian POW's was finally formed and sent to the front. But when Vlasov heard the news he pounded his fist on the table, a futile staccato sound of all this delay?"

The first division of Russian soldiers had been shipped to the *western* front, to fight the Americans, French and British. This was in direct violation of the promises the *Wehrmacht* had made.

"The fools!" he exploded. "Stalin is walking all over them now and still they tie my hands behind my back!"

Goebbels, at least, agreed with him. Wrote he in his diary on April 24, 1943: *The Russian Marshal Vlasov has been pretty much shelved by the Ministry of the East. He wrote a report that rather grips at one's heartstrings. One cannot but be astounded at the lack of political instinct in our Central Berlin Administration. If we were pursuing or had pur-*

sued a somewhat cleverer policy in the East, we would be further along there than we are."

Once, Hitler remarked that the Vlasov Army was a phantom destined never to come to life. With Vlasov demoralized, his top aides sunk in apathy, his few armed divisions deployed in the West along the Atlantic Wall, it seemed as if the *Fuhrer's* guesswork had been good.

But Hitler made his prophecy at a time when he was still securely mounted on the Russian bear. Now the bear had thrown the *Fuhrer,* was chasing him, and the luxury of contempt was one he was rapidly unable to afford.

Thus, by the time the last few months of 1944 rolled around, it was time to bring Vlasov's phantom army to life. But not, as one might expect, as a move of desperation. No, Vlasov was finally allowed to form a liberation army as a direct result of intrigue and double-dealing within the Nazi hierarchy itself.

Unmindful of the disastrous defeats being suffered on all sectors of the Russian front, the *Wehrmacht* and Himmler's dread *SS* were locking horns in a power struggle.

The battle looked to be a duel to the death. Both sides wanted to acquire jurisdiction over the greatest number of troops possible, both sides now eyed the 5,000,000 Russian POW's piled up in forced-labor camps.

It was the shrewd, conniving Himmler who moved first. He once called Vlasov a Slavic swine, but like all ruthless opportunists it was easy for him to suddenly about-face, to be charitable to an erstwhile enemy.

Vlasov was forgiven for being a Slavic swine, was promised a democratic Russia and anything else he wanted, if only he would hurry up and create a few divisions that could be sent to fight in the East.

Vlasov realized Himmler would simply use him to win the war, then boot him out. But the Russian marshal decided to accept, deal with Himmler later.

At last Vlasov was treated to the sight it had taken him four heartbreaking years to see: Russian soldiers, POW's all, hurling themselves against the Reds.

But it was a pitiful sight, a case of too little too late. Out of all those eager millions, just *two* divisions were finally allowed him. Organized in the chaotic climate of German defeat, they were poorly equipped, badly armed, looked at with suspicion and outright hostility by their *Wehrmacht* comrades.

The odds were hopelessly stacked against Vlasov's Army, but one thing it had was spirit, and another thing it had was guts. The world gasped at the spectacle of an undersized and undernourished gnat sinking its mandibles into the skin of the giant bear.

Even a tough bear skin can be irritated. Sortie after sortie was won by the ridiculously outnumbered *Vlasovtsi.* How could that be? Very easy to explain, and the Red soldiers later did, to U.S. Intelligence officers:

"I wouldn't fight against a fellow Russian."

"Marshal Vlasov was still a hero to me."

Some of the Red Army soldiers reacted with more than just a reluctance to shoot. Some dropped their rifles and hotfooted it over to the Vlasov side. So many Russian soldiers deserted their posts and joined the *Vlasovtsi,* that the Reds replaced Russians with die-hard Communist Bulgarians wherever an encounter with Vlasov was expected!

But Vlasov's paltry two divisions could hardly stop the Red avalanche. Back rolled the Germans, and further back. As the anti-Red gnat flitted here and there to pierce the bear's flank, the Nazi's eastern front suddenly buckled everywhere, leaving Vlasov's Army exposed, helpless.

The Germans failed to send promised artillery, refused to send air cover. Vlasov's big, burly General Buniachenko had no choice. He ordered a retreat from the suicidal position along Czechoslovakia's Oder River.

"Desertion!" cried the Germans. And promptly pleaded, "We'll offer complete reinstatement if you'll come to the defense of Dresden."

Buniachenko's terse reply: "Your offer received, your offer rejected."

Now Vlasov's Army had to dodge *both* the advancing Reds and the retreating Germans. It headed in the direction of Prague.

The date: May 5, 1945. Vlasov's Army: about 50 miles from Prague.

The Nazis had a precarious hold on the city. Soviet troops were advancing towards it. So were American forces. Prague's underground was urging revolt against the Nazis, an uprising that failed to materialize.

Prague's surrender seemed imminent, however. But the Nazis refused to walk out of the city and leave it standing intact. Their order of the day: turn Prague into a rubble; then retreat.

Prague's underground took to its clandestine radio, pleaded for immediate Allied help to save the city from willful destruction. But the Soviets, closest to the city's gates, now slowed their advance. For reasons of their own, they deliberately stalled, to give the Nazis a chance to carry out their threat.

Desperate, Prague's underground contacted Vlasov. It was raining that day, May 5th, heavy thundershowers presaging Prague's devastation. Vlasov emerged from his tent and assembled his bedraggled troops. Standing tall, gaunt, eyes burning in a haggard face, he told them they had to save Prague.

One man shouted, "So we turn against the Germans at last!"

His companions cheered him. Their uneasy marriage with the *Wehrmacht* was being dissolved at last.

May 7, 1945. As the Germans bleated with righteous anger, Vlasov's Army entered Prague. Now it was a question of servant fighting master. Street by street, house by house, rooftop by rooftop, Vlasov's soldiers forced the German troops out of Prague, gave them no time to scorch the city's earth, saved Czechoslovakia's capital.

But they didn't stick around for a victory celebration. Recalls an American correspondent, "When I reached Prague on Tuesday, May 8th, Marshal Vlasov and his men had melted away as quickly as they had come."

But not quickly enough. There was nothing to stop the Red Army from swooping down upon the city now, and swoop they did—catching themselves thousands of hapless *Vlasovtsi* on the way. The Reds were delighted. Not only was Prague handed over to them on an unbloodied platter, they were blotting up that irritating little gnat as well.

What to do with their Russian captives proved no great problem to the Reds. They pronounced them traitors and shot them in wholesale lots.

Vlasov wept, watching the liquidation of his little army. His anti-Communist liberation force had been a dream, a fantasy, and for just a fleeting moment a reality. Now it was all gone. There was just one last order he could give his men in these closing days of the war: "Surrender—but only to the British and Americans."

"What good will that do—if we're turned over to the Soviets?" asked the practical Buniachenko.

"It will never happen," said Vlasov.

The practical Russian figured that, with Hitler's empire crushed, the Allies would now proceed against Stalin. He saw his army welcomed as a precious partner in the West's inevitable struggle with the East.

But Vlasov was a few years ahead of himself. East and West were still playing footsie. Under a secret agreement between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, *all* Russians—willing or not—were subject to repatriation. That is, they were forcibly turned over to the Reds. Naturally it meant torture and death for any man with Vlasov's stamp on him. Many *Vlasovtsi* slit their wrists or hanged themselves instead.

Vlasov spent his last free days holed up in a crumbling castle near Schlusselberg, Czechoslovakia. On the morning of May 12th, four U.S. Army tanks and a jeep stopped by to take him to U.S. Army headquarters.

Vlasov felt he could persuade the U.S. officials not to turn him over to the Soviets. He didn't know that the Americans, still naive about their Communist ally, innocently assumed that every *decent* Russian national wanted to return home.

He found out, however, and all too quickly. On the way to U.S. Army Headquarters, his convoy was intercepted by two Red Army trucks filled with unsmiling, heavily-armed Russian soldiers. The Reds wanted Vlasov right then and there. The American tank commander chewed gum, shrugged, did nothing. Screaming, shouting curses, the helpless Vlasov was dragged into one of the Russian trucks. Both trucks sped away and that was that.

Buniachenko was still alive, and a few tattered remnants of Vlasov's army were with him. They roamed the Czechoslovakian countryside, hiding, dodging, fleeing. There were so few of them, a handful of men.

After a few weeks they felt safe. One night, in a small town, they celebrated their survival with wine and a few lusty prostitutes. In the morning, while they were still sprawled drunkenly in the town square, Red soldiers surrounded them, guns pointed at their heads. Buniachenko and his men had forgotten one great Soviet trick: the use of prostitute-informers.

Fifteen months went by before Vlasov's name was mentioned publicly inside the Soviet Union. And then only once. On the last page of the August 2, 1946 issue of *Pravda,* the Communist-controlled newssheet, a small announcement stated that the traitor Andrei Andreavitch Vlasov had been summarily sentenced and hanged.

Not every *Vlasovtsi* is dead, of course. A few managed to reach the U.S. and Western European countries. Others have joined anti-Communist underground organizations, both within Russia and without. For these men, as for freedom-loving Russians everywhere, Marshal Vlasov has become a legend.

For they are certain of one thing: the climate of oppression that gave birth to one Vlasov will surely give birth to another. END

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SALERNO'S FIVE ACRES OF HELL

(*Continued from page* 41)

for them, with their pistols and rifles, their ugly-looking, but ineffectual bazookas. He looks up at the huge railway gun and shakes his head: "It's like putting a baby in the ring with Max Schmeling," he says to his sergeant.

At one point on Green Beach, a Ranger, whose company has penetrated the German line to a macadam road, lies in a pool of his own blood, pleading with a medic, Cpl. David Stark: "Can't you get me out of this hell hole?"

Stark bends over the Ranger, feels sick at the sight of the gaping wound in the man's chest, knows he can't carry him without further injury. The medic staggers back down the beach for help, suddenly aware of the fact that the Americans *have yet to land a single vehicle on the sand.*

He returns to the Ranger, whose open mouth, already swarming with beach flies, tells him the soldier is dead.

To those back on the flagship, the bloody story is beginning to unfold. It starts with a continuous stream of pleas for support—any kind of support—from every sector of the 22 miles of beach.

"Send us planes . . ."

"Desperately need tanks . . ."

"Where is heavy artillery?"

A heavy bombardment from the battleships and cruisers has been ordered and the German gun emplacements beyond the American lines on the beaches and in the mountains are getting a terrific pasting. The minesweepers have finished their job, and now the way is clear for the bigger ships to head for the beachhead. The troopships, the LCT's the LST's begin crowding towards the gap in the minefield cleared by the sweepers.

One message, however, causes everyone aboard the flagship to pause and ask himself, despite the naval bombardment and the cleared minefields, if it is not already too late. The message reads: *"What should we do with our dead?"*

Ashore, the situation is still fluid. The Navy has moved its ships in close to shore and is serving as artillery cover for the infantry on land. *Wehrmacht* units fall back from the beach area, leaving it clear for the Allied units pouring off the landing craft. But the Germans have given up only a small stretch of real estate. They are prepared to fight hard for every additional inch they must forfeit.

Among the hundreds of craft butting their noses onto the beach there is one LST, loaded with supplies and two Sherman tanks. The first one roars down the ramp and onto the sand without mishap, and is directed north to Red Beach. But in the second, Capt. Martin J. Peterson of Kansas City, who rides turret, is blasted through the hatch when a German shell scores a direct hit. Two other crew members are killed outright, two more severely wounded, and several sailors standing nearby are also blown to pieces.

It is 0630 hours, H-Hour plus 15, and the beach is now dotted with landing craft, some churning in, others returning to the cover of the bigger ships, still others unloading their precious cargo of men and machines and supplies. The beachhead is secured, for all military purposes. Dusk, then night, settles like a pall. There is a sudden lull in the fighting.

Lt. Orville Grafton of Macon, Ga., at the now-established 36th American Div. command post, is approached by a corporal with a portable field radio. They play with the dials. A German station is playing Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby records, but the BBC shortwave newscast tells the two GI's how they are doing:

"One would have to estimate the situation in the Gulf of Salerno as one of complete success," the self-satisfied voice intoned. "Everything has gone very much as was planned by British and American strategists. Of course, our forces met some opposition, but the bridgehead is established and secured along a 22-mile front. It may take a few days to drive Marshal Kesselring's force out of the mountains, but his doom in this theater of the war now appears to be sealed. . . .

"As for the much-vaunted *Luftwaffe,* our air cover has caused its planes to give the Salerno beachhead a wide berth. . . ."

That night, Lieutenant Grafton and the corporal spent most of their waking moments in hastily dug foxholes. The *Luftwaffe* bombed the beachhead four times.

It is dawn of D-Day plus one, the morning of Sept. 10, 1943. An LCVI (Landing Craft Vehicles Infantry) cuts through the surf, loaded to the gunwhales with jeeps, supplies and personnel. It is the first ship to attempt a landing during daylight of the second day of the invasion. The beautiful white stretch of sand, with the town of Salerno on its left, the ancient Greek temple, Paestum, on the beach fringe to the south, beckons deceptively.

It looks to Pvt. Peter V. Cassidy, on detached service from the 180th Infantry, that the beachhead is as "secured" as the radio reports say it is. Suddenly, the mountains in the distance open up in a blaze of artillery fire. Small arms fire begins its steady "puck-puck" from an old mill off the beach. A salvo from the hills drops 30 yards back of the LCVI.

"That's as close as I ever want to have one of those big bastards get to me," Cassidy shouts. "Let's get out of this tub and on the beach."

The sergeant in charge signals the coxswain to drop the ramp and gets a negative shake of the head: "LCT's getting priority! Must be a lot of tank trouble somewhere!"

The sergeant, lowering the ramp by hand now, tells the coxswain: "We're on land, buddy. Now you take orders from the Army."

The ramp kisses the water, sinks a foot below the surface, and rests on the sandy bottom. Cassidy turns on the ignition and starts his jeep, reaching out a helping hand to the sergeant who tries to swing into the front seat. A burst of machine gun fire pours down from the mill and the sergeant stops in mid-air. His hand clutches Cassidy's in a death-grip. Cassidy can't loosen the hold. The dead sergeant hangs on to him as he never could in life. Quickly, the coxswain pulls up the ramp.

The beachhead is not yet quite as secured as the British BBC newscasters would have its listeners think.

Col. Albert Vogler had served throughout the North African campaign as an interpreter. Although he had been born and raised in Albany, N.Y., his German mother had taught him her native tongue even before he had learned English. And six months in North Africa had given him enough experience to recognize a beaten enemy when he met one. They're polite, disillusioned and, while not quick to turn traitor to their country, still quite ready to cooperate with their captors.

A steady stream of German prisoners had paraded through the colonel's tent since dusk of the night before. Each of them had been arrogant. One had even spat in his face. They had the confidence, the disdain for an enemy you find only in soldiers who still believe their side is going to win.

Now the colonel is called over to the medical tent on the Salerno beach. A couple of infantrymen have brought in a seriously wounded *Panzertruppen*. The man refuses to talk, won't even give his captors his name. Colonel Vogler questions the man in his own language and receives a stony stare for an answer. The colonel asks the surgeon about the tank man's condition and the surgeon shakes his head; the German is dying—and fast, maybe only minutes left.

Vogler tries a gentle approach: "What is your religion, son?"

The thin, gray lips tighten, but there is no reply.

"Look son, you're dying," Vogler pleads. "We only want to give you a proper burial. What are you? Protestant? Catholic?" Then, not being able to resist the sly dig, "Jewish, perhaps?"

The hated word elicits only more contempt, but Vogler can see the dying man is trying to say something. He leans closer and hears, first, only the rush of air, that painful last gasp of a man making his headlong rush to oblivion.

Yet, with that final breath, the tongue and lips find strength enough to pronounce one vile word—"NAZISM!"

In his report, Colonel Vogler passed on to his fellow officers in intelligence the following analysis of the enemy the Americans still faced: "It is my considered opinion that the Germans in southern Italy are a long way from thinking they have lost the battle in this theater."

D-Day plus two, with the beachhead extended inland for two miles, American half-tracks arrive on the beach and immediately go into action. Leading the first contingent of self-propelled artillery is S/Sgt. Carson Dean of Oklahoma City.

"Get your tails up the road," he orders his men in their machines. "I've herded stubborner doggies than you in my time, so don't think you're gonna lag behind."

Then, to put more emphasis on his command, he shouts above the din of the rattling tracks: "Where Kit Dean goes, everybody goes!"

Charged with his fighting words, the half-tracks clank their way over the dusty road until they reach a peach orchard, where 10 German Tiger tanks are hiding from the strafing fire of P-38's overhead.

Sergeant Dean stands up in his half-track and makes an obscene gesture—his signal to close with the enemy. The gun crews go into action. When the smoke clears, three Tigers lay crippled in the shade of the trees. The others, have high-tailed it east to Eboli, with Cassidy and his "doggies" in hot and determined pursuit.

That night they lead the forward patrols of the 45th Inf. Div. into the old city of Eboli.

By next morning, the airfield at Montecorvino is in 5th Army hands. Salerno itself under constant seige, falls. The Allied penetration is no longer measured in feet, or in yards, but in miles—all the way to Eboli, the apex of a gigantic triangle. As the juggernaut moves inland, it seems to pick up momentum. These are the ingredients that nurture the overconfidence that begins to spread like wildfire throughout the 5th Army temporary command post set up near the mouth of the Tusciano River. General Clark remains aboard the flagship, directing operations from there, but the officers on the battle scene brim with the dangerous, contagious certainty that victory is within their grasp. With the capture of Albanella on the right leg of the triangle, someone breaks out a bottle of hoarded Old Overholt, and it is passed around in premature celebration.

Even Mark Clark cannot suppress a grin when the news is radioed to the flagship. An aide suggests that the Germans have folded. The grin on Clark's face quickly changes to a stern slit: "I'll believe it when I've got Kesselring's field marshal baton hanging on that wall!"

At 2100 hours, D-Day plus five, the trap is ready to be sprung. Sgt. Kurt Rosencranz of the 14th *Panzer Korps* his leg smashed from one of the early battles with the enemy on the beach, rests beneath a scrub pine tree on one of the Picentini Mountains southeast of the Sele River. What he can see in the dark night, what he can remember of Marshal Kesselring's stirring words delivered to him personally this same afternoon – almost makes him forget the pain that has wracked his body for the past four days.

The field marshal had toured the hospital, had praised Kurt for his bravery in the face of the enemy, and then told the enlisted man (you might almost say, in confidence), that the *Amerikaners* had nibbled much too long at the bait: "Tonight, we close our jaws on them and drive them into the sea–those of them who can still make it."

Now, as he sits beneath the tree ("Sergeant Rosencranz, we'll see that you get a front row seat for the action," Kesselring had promised), the wounded man feels the earth shake under him. Down the hairpin turns of the tortuous road, Mark VI and Tiger tanks rumble, rattle and groan under cover of heavy artillery fire from what seems like hundreds of 88 gun-emplacements along a five-mile front of mountains.

The big guns spew their murderous fire across the river, engulfing a concentration of American Sherman tanks, spotted there at dusk. Then, silhouetted against the fire-flash of their own artillery come the long lines of infantrymen, dogtrotting down the mountainside. The pick of the *Wehrmacht* in Italy is on the attack again.

"Those lousy dogs are dead, but they won't lie down."

Sgt. Frank L. Tedesco runs to his tank and throws open the hatch. He speaks the words almost impatiently, like an irked parent might discuss the habits of a stubborn child. Tedesco, manning the turret, feels his driver pull on his foot, sees him twirl his finger in the gloom, signifying that the radio message has called for a routine deployment of the Shermans among the trees.

"Here we go again," Tedesco complains, "all around the mulberry bush until Junior goes back to sleep."

The next moment he is violently pitched over on his side, his crash helmet crushed up against the hatch. An 88-mm. shell has ripped open the whole right side of the tank. Stunned, the sergeant shakes his head, trying to clear away the cobwebs. He pushes against the hatch. Its jammed. He has to slide down among the twisted bodies of his stricken crew. Flames lick at their oil-drenched clothes. A check of pulses turns up negative, so Tedesco agonizingly pulls himself through the hole in the side of the tank.

There's sheer bedlam all around him. Sixteen Sherman tanks milling around like so many ants at a Sunday School picnic. Then, the terrifying outline of six German Tigers racing across the clearing to the east. Then another rank of six, followed by six more, then 12. The steel monsters belch fire from 30 muzzles.

The Americans reform. Tedesco, the only one now commanding a clear view of the enemy, leaps on the back of a tank, shouts directions into the hatch. The Shermans open fire. The tank duel becomes a toe-to-toe fire-fight, virtually at point-blank range.

Out-gunned, out-tanked, out-manned, the Americans stand their ground. Within minutes five of the Shermans are ablaze; another, its left tread shot away, spins helplessly on its good one. By sheer weight

of numbers, the Germans push, crowd, and maneuver the American tanks west toward the marshes created by a bend in the river.

"I hate like hell to turn tail on these bastards," Tedesco screams down the well of the turret, "but we better cut toward the beach."

The tanks pick up speed, skirting the marshes on their left, reach firm ground and are joined by reinforcements.

The Tigers break up and scatter into the night.

"Pal, this is the real thing all over again!" Tedesco yells to the shaken men in the tank.

The entire duel has taken 20 minutes.

It is a full-scale counterattack. There is no question about that in Mark Clark's chartroom aboard the flagship, on the beach or in the field. Once again the Navy cruisers and battleships, U.S. and British, are ordered in close to shore. Their heavy guns lay down a barrage that envelopes the German 88 gun emplacements on the mountains. But it is left to the men on the firing line to halt the wall of onrushing steel that grinds toward the beach, threatening to turn Salerno into another Dunkirk.

"This is the payoff!" Pvt. Aaron L. Green of Chicago, tells his loader, Pvt. David Kruess of Atlanta. The two members of the bazooka team huddled close to the ground, can barely make out the shapes of the other Americans of the 45th Div. But they know they are there. Every scrap of metal, every man who can walk and handle a weapon, is dug in, determined to hold the line. They have reeled under the impact of the savage German counterattack that, in some sectors, has jammed the Americans back to within a quarter-mile of the beach. Now there could be no more retreating. Now, as Private Green looks at it, a man stands his ground *here*, and lives or maybe dies, or is backed into the Gulf of Salerno to find ignominious and certain death in the surf.

He shifts the 50-inch tube to a more comfortable position on his shoulder. Kruess balances the projectile in his hand, shifts it back and forth, until parts of the metal are warm to the touch. They can hear the oncoming German tanks. Green clutches the rear and forward grips, jams the stock onto his shoulder.

Like gray ghosts in the moonlight, three Tiger tanks push their noses out of the brush and into the clearing where Green and Kruess are positioned. All about them they hear other men nervously shifting around. Green feels the weight of the rocket as Kruess inserts it in the back of the bazooka, then winces slightly as he hears the sharp click of the contact lever when Kruess switches it from "safe" to "fire."

An anti-tank gun opens up on their flank, but it must have found another target. The Tigers chew up the land between them and the Americans without altering course. Green aims, squeezes the trigger. The battery sets off the rocket-propelling charge, followed by the familiarly roaring blast as the two-foot shell seeks its mark.

It falls harmlessly behind the tanks in the brush. The Tigers relentlessly close with the Americans. Kruess jams a second rocket into the aft-end of the bazooka. Again Green, sweating so badly his hands almost slip on the grips, aims, squeezes and watches the fiery trail of the missile as it drives home, imbedding itself in a Tiger's forward armor. The tank bursts into flames. One solitary figure leaps out of the turret, is cut down by a single shot

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from an infantry sniper backing up the anti-tankers.

Kruess readies the bazooka for another firing. This time, Green lobs a rocket into the tread of a second Tiger. The anti-tank gun to the left of them, with a clear and certain view of its target, dispatches the lamed tank.

The last member of the unholy trio hesitates, then backs off into the cover of the brush.

It is shortly after midnight. An almost unearthly calm settles over the sector defended by Green, Kruess and the other anti-tankers. There is sporadic firing all along the line, but somehow the isolated units become aware that the guts have been ripped out of the German counter-attack.

The rest is bitter epilogue. Five more miserable, blood-drenched days of fighting are to follow. Then the long filhty fight up the Boot. But in a letter to a trusted friend many months later, Marshal Kesselring writes:

"The Allied use for the first time of heavy naval bombardment to support those on land, providing the heaviest concentration of firepower I have seen in a long military career, may have, as the Americans claim, been the deciding factor in our ultimate defeat at Salerno and the rest of Italy. But I will tell you, as the man who had to send the pick of Germany's youth against them, *it was the raw courage of those foot soldiers who turned the nose of our counteroffensive.* Firepower? Yes. But the truly deciding factor was the kind of enemy we faced. We had him outnumbered, at times two to one. *We lost, I think, because we were forced to fight what is probably the finest soldier, man for man, in the world today.*"

END

SHANGHAI REAGAN'S CHINA-DOLL MARAUDERS

(*Continued from page* 37)

showing her perfect, even white teeth.

"I speak many languages, for my clients—and my business—are both quite international," she answered pleasantly. "You'll get used to it after a few more days."

He studied her lush figure even more closely, then grinned in cheerful appreciation of her hospitality. He walked up towards her.

"Reagan . . . They call me Andy," he announced in friendly tones, "When they like me, that is . . ."

"I can see why they do," the Eurasian beauty murmured with a mischievous glance. She let her eyes roll up and down his massive frame, until he felt as if he were being massaged.

"I'm Teresa Wong," she told him as she gently took him by the arm and led him out of the cellar. "You'll stay in the room next to mine on the top floor. In case I didn't mention it, I own this bordello."

"This *what?*"

"The House of Five Joys," she explained without embarrassment, "is a de luxe establishment dedicated to erotic pleasures. As the name indicates, I've collected five of the most beautiful and most expert females in the world. They all enjoy their work, and they're well paid. You'll meet them all soon."

"I could use some food first—and a bath," Reagan confessed.

She led him up the thick carpeted stairs, showed him into his room and nodded towards the tiled bath chamber. The whole place smelled of jasmine, and was decorated in amber silks and satins.

"You can take your bath," the madame suggested, "and I'll send up some sandwiches."

Within seconds after Teresa Wong left, Reagan was soaping himself luxuriously in a tub of hot water. It felt wonderful after days in the mud and the filthy cart that brought him to Shanghai. He finally climbed out of the enormous tub, grabbed a huge Turkish towel and began to dry himself contentedly in the middle of the lavishly furnished bedroom.

"Sacre bleu! C'est magnifique!" a girl's voice gasped in open admiration.

Stark naked, the sergeant turned to face a shapely baby-faced blonde standing by the door. She was wearing an extremely low cut green silk negligee—and little else. Her accent was French and her look was carnal.

"I'm Josette," the hot-eyed Parisienne explained in sizzling tones. "Didn't Madame Teresa tell you about me?"

Reagan shook his head, started to reach for his dirty suntans hanging on the knob of the door. "Now look lady," he started.

"Please, *Monsieur,*" the blonde cooed as her negligee flluttered to the floor. "Please, let's not waste time now."

They didn't. During the next hour, Josette welcomed Reagan to Shanghai with shrill little whimpers of delight until the exhausted sergeant passed out. When he came to three hours later, the little French girl was gone. She'd left behind a plateful of thick chicken sandwiches, two bottles of iced beer and her perfumed negligee hanging like a flag at the foot of the king-sized bed.

There was a knock at the door. Before he could answer it, a statuesque brunette entered. Her low-cut transparent blouse didn't conceal a thing. She picked up the negligee on the bedpost and sighed.

"Trust that piggish Josette to get here first," she complained to nobody in particular. She sat down on the edge of the bed, picked up a sandwich, handed half to the American and started munching the other half herself.

"I'm Eva, the best damn woman in either Budapest or Shanghai," she said proudly between mouthfuls. "What do they call you, Yank?"

"Reagan. I'm a sergeant in the U.S. Air Force."

He found himself staring at her transparent blouse and tried to keep his mind on the sandwiches. It wasn't easy.

"I'm a Hungarian, Reagan, and I like sergeants. Sick and tired of these runty Jap colonels and generals. First man I ever loved was a strapping cavalry sergeant. I was only fifteen then, but I still prefer sergeants anytime."

Not sure what to say, Reagan started on another sandwich.

"I like Americans especially," Eva confided as she opened two bottles of beer and guzzled one down like a veteran. The gunner nodded and started on the other bottle himself. He felt desire flickering in his loins, and the warmth of her body didn't help.

"You feeling better after the food, Yank?" Eva asked between gulps of beer.

"A lot better," the redhead grinned.

"Good, now let's get down to cases."

Within a few minutes, Shanghai Reagan no longer doubted her boast of being the female champion of two great cities. The Hungarian was surprisingly delicate and sensitive for such a large lusty woman.

Later, she sat up and stuffed another half sandwich into her smiling face. "You're pretty damn good Sarge," she congratulated him happily between mouthfuls. "Stick around a while. We could use you in this joint. You know, somebody who concentrates on the fundamentals. These sly little Nips and fat old Chinese millionaires are no match for me. It's good to have a real man around!"

Then she waved a cheery farewell and ambled out, pausing in the doorway to smooth out a last wrinkle in her skin-tight silk dress. While she ecstatically swivel-hipped her way down the corridor, Reagan fell back wearily and shook his head incredulously before he took a second hot bath. He'd never been in a place like the House of Five Joys before, and these easy-loving experts were a new experience.

During the next four days, Shanghai met the rest of Teresa Wong's fabulous staff. He stayed in his room to avoid meeting any Japanese patrons in the halls, but the girls came tiptoeing in to "welcome" him at all hours of the day and night. After Josette described his physique and Eva praised his performance, the other girls could hardly wait to meet him. As a matter of fact, they had something less formal in mind. Petal-soft Suzie, the almond-eyed Chinese nymphet who'd been a Chinese war lord's favorite teen-ager until somebody slit his throat in early 1942, used to slip in for friendly visits first thing in the morning when he was fresh and vigorous after a good night's sleep. She was timid and submissive, but had some unusual ideas on how to wake a man up. Then there was a smoldering Jamaican beauty with the rippling body of a coal black panther, who got bored in the afternoon. Melissa amused herself by entertaining the red-headed Yank with torrid voodoo dances, and other unimaginable rites that kept her incredible torso writhing with primitive passion. For the cocktail hour there was Carmen, a full hipped, fun-loving Brazilian, who'd do anything after a few Daiquiris. To make life simpler, Carmen always brought a full pitcher of the powerful rum drinks with her when she stopped in to "chat" with Reagan at 5:30 or 6 every evening.

Madame Teresa Wong remained politely aloof from all these goings on, never even mentioning it when she spoke to the American about plans to smuggle him back to his U.S. air base in Chunking. She was pleasant but thoroughly businesslike.

"I'm sorry it's taking so long," Mr. Reagan," she apologized gently, "but Japanese counter spies have been especially active recently. It wouldn't be safe for you to move right now. Even the Chinese couriers of our Tai Li

organization are being intercepted."

"Why don't you use a radio?" Shanghai suggested.

"We have one we stripped from a *Mitsubishi* bomber that crashed outside the city a few months ago," the efficient Eurasian girl replied quickly, "but no one knows how to run it."

"Hell, lady," the big sergeant exploded impatiently, "my brother used to be a ham operator. He showed me how to work a short-wave set. Maybe I can make yours talk too."

He was in radio contact with Chungking three days later, but the business of tapping a few coded dots and dashes into the air was no substitute for action. One morning in mid-April, Eva interrupted one of their sessions to mention that one of her customers of the previous evening was a Japanese colonel in command of a new fighter squadron just transferred to Shanghai. Reagan jumped at the information.

"Where are those bastards? At what field?"

"I'll find out, Sarge," the passionate Hungarian promised.

"And can you get me some dynamite or explosives?"

"I can get *you* anything," Eva chuckled as she cuddled closer.

She was able to learn that the Zeroes were stationed at Air Field 47, but it took Madame Teresa Wong to get the explosives. At first the lovely Eurasian refused, denouncing the entire notion as stupid and impractical. She was obviously angry as she shouted at Reagan that his scheme was insanely dangerous. Her eyes were blazing and her bosom heaved furiously. Suddenly Reagan understood. Teresa was worried about him. The Eurasian madame was ashamed to admit—even to herself—that she too was in love with the huge redhead.

"Come here, Teresa," Shanghai said quietly, interrupting her furious tirade.

She walked closer. He took her in his arms and held her firmly but gently. First she pressed hard against him. Then after trying to wriggle free, she smiled through her tears as he lifted her up and carried her into his room.

"I feel like a damn fool school girl," she sighed as he comforted her gently.

"You feel good to me, Teresa," he replied frankly. "Please don't be afraid. Can you get me the explosives?"

She hesitated, nodded, then pulled him fiercely down to her with a long low moan. The next night, the same ox-cart bounced out of the court yard of the fancy brothel and rattled through the streets towards one of the main Shanghai gates. It rattled on through the outskirts until headlights blinked suddenly from a side road. Shanghai Reagan jumped off the wagon and sprinted 50 yards to the stolen Japanese ambulance. It was marked with the insignia of the pro-Nipponese puppet army of Chinese traitors, and one of General Tai Li's most experienced agents sat behind the wheel in the uniform of a collaborationist corporal. The American stowed his explosives in the rear, hopped in and closed the tail-gate doors behind him.

At 2:40 a.m., the ambulance rolled up to the rear gate of Air Field 47. While the driver engaged the drowsy sentry in conversation about a mythical "Captain Tsushima," the crouching Yank slid through the shadows behind him into the air base. He paused for a moment behind some fuel drums to check the sack of explosives. His strong fingers traced the outlines of 14 homemade bombs, each made of two sticks

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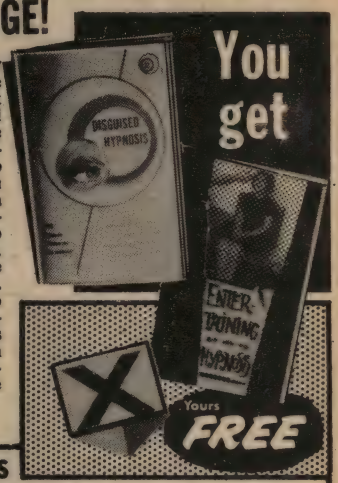

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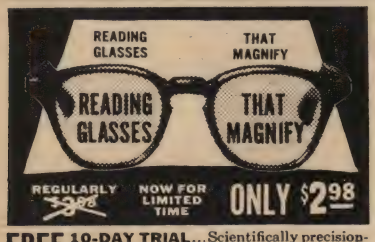

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of dynamite with a three-minute fuse. He peered into the blackness looking for the Jap fighter planes.

Then he spotted the silhouette of a bayonet-toting guard about 150 yards away, and behind him the low familiar outline of the revetments that housed the fighters. Reagan started crawling. It was a slow infuriating business. Again and again he had to stop when the sentry turned on his circular beat. After long irritating minutes, the sweating sergeant inched up to within a few yards of the stocky Jap with the long rifle. Reagan sucked in a deep breath, got up to his old gridiron crouch and dived through the air. He hit the guard like a battering ram, knocking every bit of air out of the sentry's lungs. Before the choking Japanese could croak out an alarm, the hulking American smashed him with an uppercut that broke the sentry's jaw in three places. The guard crumpled underneath Reagan, collapsing like a balloon.

Reagan whipped out a big cigar, lit it and puffed vigorously until it glowed. Then he started to run, dashing from revetment to revetment, pausing only to touch a fuse to his cigar and flip the bomb into the Zero's cockpit. Panting and drenched with perspiration, he sprinted at top speed to deliver as many demolition charges as possible before the first went off. He tossed 11 into place when his watch showed that he had only 30 seconds left before hell broke loose.

He lit the 12th, flipped it into a plane and barrelled right back towards the airfield gate. He shovel-passed another bomb into the base's fuel dump as he raced by without even breaking his stride. He was 10 yards from the rear gate where the Chinese undercover agent was still wrangling with the Japanese guard when the first blast ripped the night wide open. It hurled flaming chunks of plane parts through the black sky. The startled sentry turned to stare, as Reagan's chauffeur coolly stabbed him in the back.

The two men literally dived into the ambulance and took off. Explosion after explosion thundered behind them. The Chinese chauffeur drove furiously but expertly, careening around corners on two wheels as he poured on the speed to get out of the area before the Jap's roadblocks could trap them. Reagan was starting to breathe a bit easier when he saw the enemy armored car blocking the highway ahead.

"Slow down as if we're going to stop," he shouted to the driver.

He jerked out the 14th bomb, bit the fuse short and took a deep drag on his cigar. The ambulance was slowing down when he leaned out the window and lobbed the dynamite at the Jap roadblock in front of him. It hit a few feet from the armored car, which vanished in a flaming tangle of scrap metal.

"I always thought I should have played in the backfield," Reagan announced proudly. The astonished Chinese driver looked at him, shook his head in baffled awe and stepped hard on the accelerator. An hour later, the burly Yank was back safe in the House of Five Joys with beautiful Teresa Wong on his lap and a bottle of cold beer in his grimy fist. After he'd polished off two more bottles, he carried the dazzling madame upstairs for a long time. As a matter of fact, they didn't come down for a day and a half.

During the months that followed, Shanghai Reagan was an extremely busy

man. He had to keep Teresa and her five hot-blooded professionals contented, a difficult project which he finally achieved only by maintaining a back-breaking schedule. Each of the five joygirls got one day each a week, and Teresa had the whole week-end for herself. But both the sultry madame and her torrid girls knew the "honeymoon" was over, for the burly gunner had tasted blood at Air Field 47 and now he wanted more. To keep their star boarder happy, the girls did their artful best to learn information about inviting targets as their Nipponese and traitorous Chinese clients weakly succumbed to their various skillful services.

In late June 1943, Melissa, the Jamaican voodoo sex sorceress, found out that Gen. Senzo Hiyoshi was leaving Shanghai with the 234th Infantry Division and the 11th Anti-Aircraft Detachment the next evening. The General didn't look forward to the boring train trip to the distant southern front, so he turned to the well-oiled body of dusky Melissa for diversion. By the time General Hiyoshi lurched out of the bordello and boarded the train, he was a smiling weary veteran of a war much more ancient than Japan itself. Melissa had exhausted him with her voodoo athletics. When the troop cars clattered out of Shanghai and vanished into the Kwongmin Tunnel, Reagan was waiting at the far end. He watched as the train hurried to its fatal rendezvous with the mine he'd planted just inside the tunnel.

When he heard the blast, he rammed down the plunger on a second charge he'd planted at the entrance. He smiled when its muffled blast told him it had gone off, sealing both ends of the tunnel with 1,900 Japanese soldiers trapped inside. The two blasts wrecked the track and crushed scores of soldiers. Others panicked and ran crazily up and down the dark suffocating hole. Officers trying desperately to restore order drew their swords and shouted conflicting orders, but were trampled by a hysterical rabble that had been a rigidly disciplined military unit only minutes before.

Then men began to scream as the air supply faded. Soldiers choked and staggered in the dark and thick dust from the two blasts rolled back through the tunnel. They started collapsing all up and down the pitch black tomb. By the time an Imperial Army engineer unit smashed an opening through the rubble four hours later, only 517 men were left alive in the black hole of horror. One of these was General Hiyoshi, who was carried out of the tunnel a gibbering lunatic, shrieking obscene curses at an imaginary woman he called a "black witch from hell."

Reagan's next target was the *Mitsui Maru*, a huge tanker that docked in Shanghai on her way to Yokohama with a full load of oil from the refineries of the Jap-held Dutch East Indies. While her skipper was learning the Brazilian cha-cha and some other new dances with Carmen in the House of Five Joys, the Yank quietly slipped up to the captain's staff car waiting in the courtyard and broke the Jap chauffeur's neck. Reagan then waved to the shadows. The same Tai Li agent who'd driven the stolen ambulance appeared, and they both jumped in the car and headed for the waterfront. Sentries saluted respectfully as the official car moved unchallenged into the heavily guarded harbor area.

While his guerrilla driver stood watch with a submachine gun, Reagan swam underwater tenderly holding a pliofilm-

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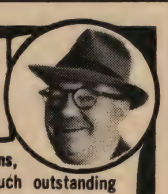

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wrapped time bomb prepared by Chinese chemists in a local pharmaceutical factory. He attached it just at the tanker's water line, filled his lungs again, submerged, swam back to the pier and raced to the bordello before the Japanese skipper called for his car. The *Mitsui Maru* was 21 miles out to sea at 10 the next morning when Reagan's time bomb exploded. Fire swept the decks in a few minutes, driving the entire crew over the side as the tanker's white-hot hull broke in two. Burning oil charred dozens of frantic howling Nip sailors as they desperately tried to swim to safety. The 16 survivors—all horribly seared—told the Jap patrol boat that rescued them that they must have been torpedoed. As a result a squadron of Japanese bombers spent three frustrating days hunting a non-existent submarine.

One or two *Kempetai* officers remembered the ship captain's report on the disappearance of his chauffeur, although the car itself had been found unattended in the courtyard just where it had been parked. Major Hiro Atsugi, an intelligent little sadist who amused himself by branding his initials on the bodies of Chinese patriots with a red-hot letter opener, decided to look into the matter personally. He bitterly resented the fact that Madame Teresa Wong had ordered her expensive specialists to reject him and his fiendish ideas of sex play, and he was eager to get even with her.

Major Atsugi abandoned his private torture chamber and began spending his nights in an alley behind the swanky House of Five Joys, watching and waiting patiently until dawn. He was spotted by one of General Tai Li "beggar" operatives on the third evening, and Reagan decided to lay low until the prying Major gave up and left. But the little *Kempetai* major was a stubborn type, the kind who'd loiter all summer to get his vengeance.

"We've got to clobber that louse," Shanghai told Teresa as he cradled her in his massive arms one Sunday morning.

"Please don't do anything foolish," she begged.

"He's the guy who's being so damn foolish," the hulking redhead snapped in annoyance.

Reagan began planning a way to eliminate the snooper. Two nights later, there was an unfortunate automobile accident in front of the House of Five Joys. The car of the Japanese Military Governor of Shanghai was roaring away from the brothel at four in the morning when the drowsy driver ran over and killed one Major Hiro Atsugi. Nobody guessed that the big American had slugged the *Kempetai* officer and tossed his unconscious body in the path of the staff car seconds before it roared out of the courtyard. Major Atsugi's corpse reeked of *sake*, so he was tabbed as a drunk rolling home from some other bordello in the neighborhood.

In the next year, 1944, Reagan ran wild. On January 27th, he touched off a motor pool blaze that gutted 126 trucks and 51 cars. On April Fool's Day, his mines in the Yangtze River sank nine military barges carrying 27 light tanks and 121 soldiers, and seven weeks later a fresh supply of mines arrived from Chungking in time to destroy a small troop transport jammed with 860 crack infantry men. That massacre and the ammunition dump that exploded in June with the loss of 144 lives sent the *Kempetai* on a rampage. Patrols doubled all over Shanghai. Check-points multiplied. House to house searches for

the unknown saboteurs became a daily ritual.

Security measures increased at night also. Nobody on the streets was safe after dark, so Reagan began using Shanghai's roofs and ancient sewers to get around town. He was climbing up to the surface near a Japanese Army warehouse early one morning when a bayonet-wielding sentry charged him from only 10 yards. Reagan side-stepped, grabbed the Nip by the throat to crush any scream and threw him through the air. The guard's helmet dropped off as he crashed against a brick wall. All that remained was a fine spatter of brains and bits of skull on the side of the building, an almost headless body and a pool of blood.

This untidy mess was cleaned up half an hour later by the flaming holocaust that raged through the Jap warehouse. Reagan also was getting excellent results with his radio now, and U.S. carrier-based planes, and bombers from his own 14th AAF, began inflicting terrific casualties upon the Japanese units he pinpointed. Tank battalions were wiped out on the road, infantry brigades were cut to ribbons by strafing fighter planes that appeared from nowhere, and coastal freighters were sunk monthly by Navy torpedo bombers.

Japanese counter-espionage tried to hit back by bringing in more radio direction-finder cars to get a fix on the hidden transmitter. Reagan saw one of the new cars parked just a block from the House of Five Joys on a night that he had an urgent message to send. He left the bordello through the sewer, emerged in a cellar a few yards from the Jap RDF car. Taking off his shoes, he walked up silently from behind. Suddenly, his two huge fists exploded into the open car, knocking the two Japanese radio men unconscious. Then he thoughtfully released the brake to let the vehicle roll down the hill until it smashed into a stone wall. When he saw that the new RDF car and occupants were wrecked—permanently—he sneaked back into the bordello and tapped out his message to 14th Air Force headquarters in Chungking.

When Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese and U.S. troops finally moved into Shanghai in September 1945, after the second A-bomb forced Japan to surrender, Sgt. Andrew Reagan was hailed as a brilliant intelligence operative and a courageous guerrilla hero. None of this impressed him at all. Shanghai Reagan was wondering what he'd do now that the war was over and there were no more Japs to mangle. He had no legitimate excuse to stay on at Teresa Wong's House of Five Joys, where life was more comfortable and more interesting than he'd ever found it anywhere before. The drinks were free, the food was excellent and the loving was even better. It added up to a helluva lot more fun than being a sergeant in the peace-time Army.

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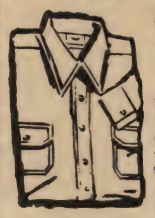

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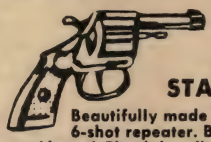

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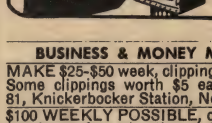

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What do you say, sergeant?" she smiled invitingly as she snuggled her curving silken form closer to Reagan's giant frame.

He didn't say. He did. That was the sergeant's joyful answer. Mr. "Shanghai" Reagan and his gorgeous Eurasian wife said farewell to the House of Five Joys and its five dazzling doxies and left Shanghai in December 1945. A former buddy from the 14th Air Force visited the Reagans in Hong Kong last year, and reported that Shanghai had just persuaded his missus to sell her elaborate bordello and retire from the trade. Shanghai Reagan didn't say why. But his wartime buddy reports that its name was the "House of *Seven* Joys," not Five, as in the good old days back in wartime Shanghai. END

THE TRUTH ABOUT SEXMANSHIP

(*Continued from page* 24)

who will not only fill you in on details, dates, and places, but give the girls' names as well. Quantity, not quality, is their specialty, and by the sheer number of their conquests they manage to awe and create envy in the crowd, especially among the married men who have just one bedmate to turn to.

These "lady-killers" come in a variety of types; they are either big and husky, cool cats, smooth dressers, clever gagsters, or sharp characters. You can easily imagine women falling for them, so you're inclined to believe their boasts. And what they all say is pretty much the same:

"Women are pushovers. There isn't a one of them that wouldn't . . ." And then go on to describe all the erotic details that have their listeners slopping their drinks on the bar.

"It don't take much technique," the Don Juan goes on. "All you gotta do is feed 'em a lot of promises if they ain't married, an' if they are . . . well, most dames like a little variety an' besides, you got no worries if anything happens."

What is the point, you may ask, of these characters divulging names? If they've got a good thing, wouldn't you think they want to keep it to themselves? Quite the contrary. The Don Juans and Casanovas figure their female conquests prove their manliness, their inexhaustible virility, and like big-game hunters, their past victims are as dead to them today as the stuffed lion's head in the trophy room. But since it is a little impractical to practice taxidermy on humans, the Don Juans mount their "trophies" in conversation, leaving very little to the imagination of their listeners. They practically flash the whole lurid picture on the wall, in color with sound effects, and it's great for the lover boys' egos.

But are these *men?*

It may seem ironic to those who envy them their endless string of conquests, but just the opposite is true. "Don Juanism," or the practice of a man seducing every woman he can, is a psychopathic illness described by psychologists and psychiatrists as being either on the edge

of homosexuality, or outright homosexuality. "The more the merrier" is the philosophy of these lover-boys, but the doctors viewing their behavior translate that into: "The more the sicker."

World-famous psychologists, sociologists, and clinicians have studied these promiscuous braggarts, and in my own case-book I have some mighty weird samples. Our mutual conclusions are roughly the same: scratch the veneer off these erotic adventurers and you'll find a man-child whose Mommy was mean to him, whose sister was the parental favorite, or whose outlook toward women was warped by his being jilted by a girl friend or loused up by a wife. Scratch a little deeper, and the homosexual tendency begins to show.

In his book *Love Against Hate*, Dr. Karl Menninger, head of the Menninger Foundation and America's most famous psychiatrist, writes: "Don Juanism is another familiar pattern in which the seducing, disappointing, and abandoning of women leaves no doubt of the hostility felt for them. Promiscuity is a symptom . . . of an essential inability to find deep satisfaction anywhere."

It's obvious that "lady-killer" or "lover-boy" are misnomers for these characters whose attitude toward women is rooted in hatred, but the slang terms are so commonly understood that I'll continue to use them. Getting to the heart—or lack of it—of the matter, Menninger adds: "Such persons do not love their sexual objects; they seek rather to conquer or to destroy them. What is often described in such moralistic terms as selfishness, or caddishness or faithlessness is from a psychological standpoint unexplained by such terms. It is rather a relative "malelessness."

Malelessness. It doesn't take much to break that word down as meaning the *absence of maleness,* and by extension meaning *without manliness,* or *lacking in virility.*

Just try to recall, as you read Dr. Menninger's following conclusions, the arrogant boastings of the Don Juans you've heard, and you'll realize that these characters are more to be pitied than envied:

"Such men are constantly trying to prove to themselves and sometimes to others that they are as masculine as their inner voices tell them they are not. This explains why such men so often 'kiss and tell,' bragging about their exploits to other men. Even if they do not do this, they are impelled to reassure themselves constantly that only a superman could be so potent, so casual, so irresistible. Sooner or later this device breaks down, and such men become alcoholic or ill in such a way as to give themselves an excuse for impotence on some face-saving grounds."

The Don Juans are, then, not the self-confident characters they try to appear, but personalities deeply-scarred with feelings of inferiority. Bent on revenge against women, for some deep traumatic reason, they play a game of love, using all the romantic words and flourishes, and the more they get a woman to humble and debase herself the more complete is their victory.

Not long ago a woman we'll call Sally came to my office seeking advice about her marriage, which she announced had long since gone on the rocks. She was a beautiful, tall, blue-eyed blonde, literally a walking symbol of sex. She told me that she'd gone through a three-month marriage at 21, which was annulled, and now at 26 had been married for over two

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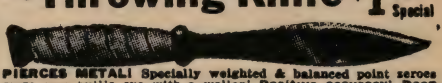

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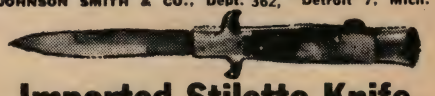

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years to a man whose physical responses to her were practically nil.

When I asked her specifically what the trouble was, she replied, "It's Jim, my husband. We get along pretty well, but since we've been married there's been only a couple of times he's been able to —to *do* anything. I mean——" She broke off, embarrassed.

"You mean consummate the love act?" I asked.

"That's it," she said. "It's not that he doesn't try. He'll start to make love to me and frankly, it doesn't take much to arouse me. But then nothing happens. After a few minutes he'll get mad and start cursing and get up and get dressed and the next thing I know he storms out of the house." She hesitated a moment, and then added, "I don't know whether it's Jim's fault or mine—maybe I haven't got what it takes."

Looking at this magnificently-proportioned beauty, I snap-judged that something must indeed be wrong with Jim. Dr. Krafft-Ebing's phrase "the annihilation of perception" regarding certain sex problems crossed my mind, and I reckoned that Jim must certainly have some kind of mental block—or blind spot. However, there were other things to consider. Looks, even the vividly torrid appearance of a woman like Sally, can be deceiving.

I thought a moment, trying to phrase the next question as delicately as I could. "How about your own reactions? Are you responsive—or are you cold?"

"Cold!" she gasped. "My Lord no! Sometimes I get so passionate I'm embarrassed—and there he is, unable to do anything. I've tried to help him. I've tried everything—but nothing seems to work." Then she looked away, and added in a dismayed voice, "But in a way, that's *my* problem. It's Jim I came to talk about, because I know that he doesn't have this trouble with other women. That's where he goes when he storms out at night. He's told me. Sometimes a couple of women a night. He boasts about it, and I believe him. He's like a kid trying to prove something. And it doesn't make any difference who the women are. In almost three years of marriage he must have had a hundred of them. I don't get it. I wouldn't cheat on him for a million dollars, no matter how frustrated I feel. But he tells me he loves me and we can't even have relations—and yet he does fine with any tramp he picks up."

The picture began to slip into focus now, and I had a suspicion as to what Jim's trouble was. What Sally told me about their mutual background confirmed my belief. They'd known each other since childhood, a time when Sally was Jim's "pal," and the only female he ever liked and could talk to. His mother was a drunk and his sister had always been his father's favorite. His home life was a mess, all because of women, he'd told Sally. He'd also told her it had been like that ever since he could remember; in other words, since infancy. Simply, Jim had a warped impression of women which could only be straightened out if a psychiatrist or analyst were able to work with him. If I could talk to him and show him how his twisted thinking was behind his current problem, maybe I could save his marriage. Sally thought she'd have trouble getting Jim to talk to me or anyone, but she said she'd try.

What I gathered to be Jim's problem is described in Dr. Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*: "One of the most important anomalies of sexual life is an abnormal presence of sexual sensations . . . from which arise frequent and violent impulses for sexual gratification." He describes a number of cases in which men behave in "rut-like fashion," describing this promiscuity as "psycho-sexual extravagances." But above all, the doctor says, they are "manifestations of pathological sexuality," meaning that the characters indulging them are sick. The great Viennese psychiatrist winds up his chapter on Hyperaesthesia, (or Abnormally Increased Sexual Desire), with this reference to Jim's problem: "Another grade are the *apron-hunters*, the Don Juans, whose whole existence is an endless chain of sensual enjoyment . . ."

It went beyond that in Jim's case, I discovered, when he finally showed up in my office at Sally's insistence. His was a clear-cut case of Don Juanism, all right, since he confessed to a deep-rooted hatred of his mother and sister, and a contempt for women in general. Sally was the sole exception, and yet when he made love to her he was unable to satisfy their mutual needs.

"I don't know what happens," he confessed. "But I'm just no good with her. Sometimes I think maybe it's because of that other guy she was married to. You know, the marriage that was annulled. Maybe in the back of my mind I think she's comparing me with him——" He shrugged his shoulders, and made an empty gesture with his hands. "I don't know, but it's something. And yet I don't have any trouble at all with those bums I go out with——"

"Bums?" I asked, suddenly beginning to get a clue.

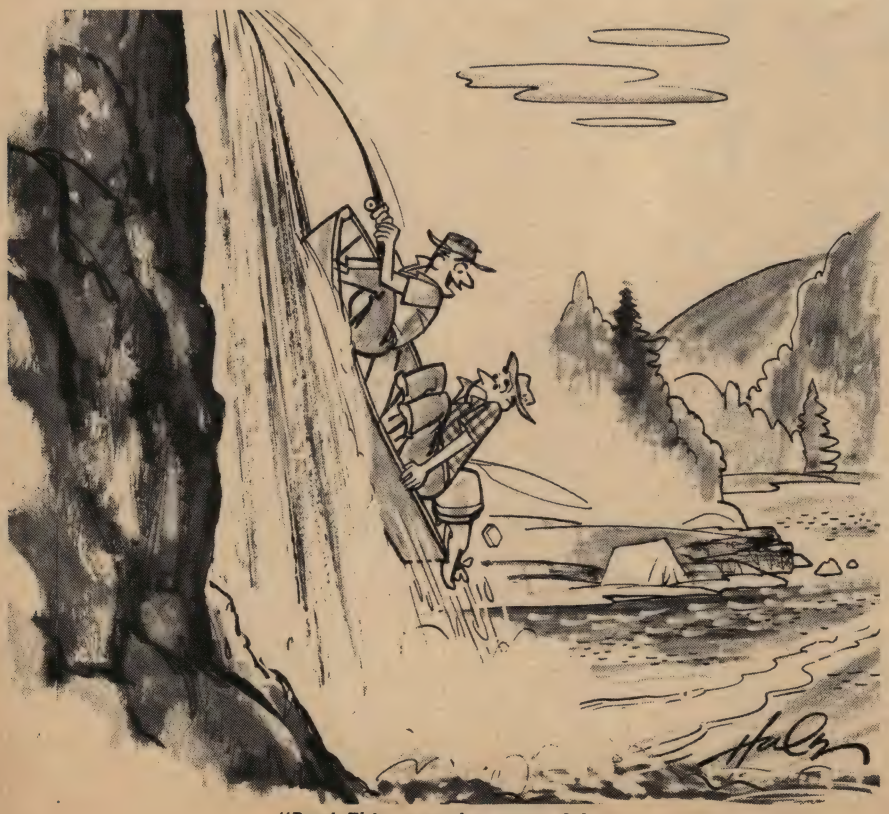
"That's right Bums! Tramps!" he shouted. "No *ladies* for me. They'd remind me of Sally. All the better if they're drunk, then it's not so much trouble. They're *all* pushovers, but the drunks are easier."

There was no longer any mystery at all to Jim's problem, from my point of view, but it was going to take a lot of work to make *him* understand it. Since his hatred of women stemmed from an infantile and boyhood loathing of a cruel and drunken mother, it was only natural that he seek his revenge against women who were drunks.

And so Jim gravitated toward "bums" and "tramps," avoiding "ladies" because they reminded him of Sally. It was not, as it turned out, a problem which couldn't be solved because after weekly visits to my office over an eight-month period, Jim finally got the message. His antagonisms vanished, as did his mental block with Sally, and the marriage was salvaged.

But despite the favorable results in Jim's case, similar therapy is rarely successful or even practicable among Don Juans. Their defense mechanisms of arrogance and self-confidence, covering a basic sense of inferiority, prevent their being honest enough to discuss their true problems. Their houses of cards, built of pretension and immorality, would fall apart the instant they told the truth to anyone. To confide that their vaunted virility merely masked woman-hatred and a fear of impotence or homosexuality would literally crush their egos forever.

In Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's study *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, a derisive commentary is made about these "lady-killers" on the American scene. "There are males who have some dozens or scores of partners before they marry. In some cases . . . males may have (relations) with several hundred or even a thousand or more girls in pre-marital relations. There are quite a few individuals (the Don Juans) . . . who find more interest in the pursuit and conquest, and in a variety of partners, than they do in developing long-time relations with a single girl. Some males avoid all repetitions of experience with the same girl." Dr. Kinsey then gets to the crux of



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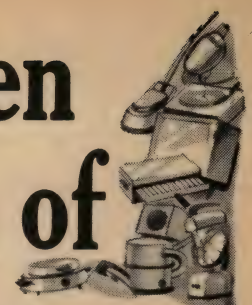

By J. M. Smith *President, National Radio Institute*

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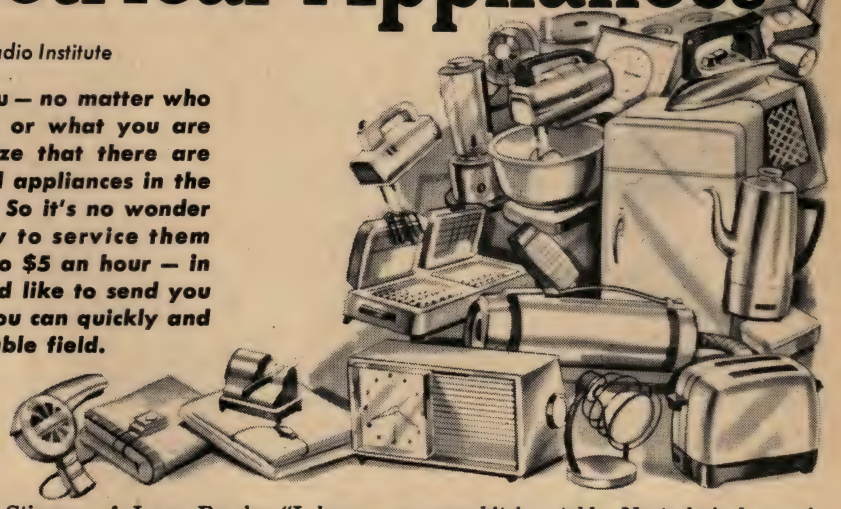

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the illness: "Sometimes the interest which such a promiscuous male has in heterosexual coitus does not involve any interest in the girls themselves. Many a . . . male states quite frankly that he does not like girls . . ."

You need only examine the mixed-up behavior of apparently rough, tough, and sadistic teen-age gangsters to see this conflicting attitude toward girls. From newspaper accounts of their rumbles with zip guns, ice picks, switch-blades, and garrison belts you'd think they were warriors. From watching them strut down the street or lounge against buildings, you'd think they were truly tough—real-life counterparts to TV's rough private detectives. And from their boastings about their sexual conquests among neighborhood girls and their cellar-club seductions of auxiliary girl-gangsters, you'd get the idea they were honest-to-goodness gold-plated Casanovas to whom dames meant everything.

But that is far from the case, as Youth Board workers in any city can tell you. The *biggest* problem among these "tough" delinquents with their omnipresent pocket-combs and ducktail hair-dos is not dope or alcohol or mayhem; it is homosexuality.

In *Who Live in Shadow*, Judge John M. Murtagh states that these so-called tough guys roam the Times Square area on weekends, ready and willing to act as male prostitutes for any and all homosexuals. And this same situation prevails in cities from coast to coast.

Yet back in their own neighborhoods, these youths keep up their masquerade. They swagger and they have their gang fights and they try to see how many girls they can have relations with. Then they go into the gin-mills and tell in vivid detail about how they seduced Susie or Mary or that new 15-year-old doll who just moved in the neighborhood. In true Don Juan tradition, they don't give a damn for the girls. They have, in fact, nothing but scorn for them. But being able to have relations with them is reassuring to the egos of these Don Juans when the specter of outright homosexuality becomes too terrifying, and their doubts about their own manliness too frightening.

The smirking vanity of these ducktail delinquents is symptomatic of Don Juans of all ages. Among the so-called "International Set" in recent years there has been a hard core of Lotharios bouncing from heiress to heiress and movie star to movie star, and there's not a one of them who can pass a mirror without taking an admiring peek.

This conceit is peculiar to the character of all Don Juans. Havelock Ellis, the famed British authority on love, sex, and morals, refers to this as Narcissism, which comes from the Greek myth in which Narcissus fell in love with his own image reflected in a pool of water. Everyone has a little of this in him, and the Don Juans have it also—except they have it in spades. But they need it, just as they need countless affairs and endless boasting, to bolster their basically shaky egos and tottering self-confidence. "Vanity, all is vanity," sighed King Solomon, the top Don Juan of his day, as he surveyed his harem of hundreds of hand-picked beauties and realized that he had come to the end of the line. And vanity is just about all the average lover-boy has to call his own when impotency or homosexuality catches up with him. One thing is certain; there won't be any women around to sympathize with him when that day of reckoning arrives. With his hit-and-run tactics he's achieved his goal of revenge against womankind—abandoning them all.

Most of the men with lover-boy complexes I've run across are emotionally immature, and virtually every book by a psychologist refers to such characters as "regressive," "retarded," or "infantile." Apropos of this is a quote from Maxine Davis' authoritative book, *Sex and the Adolescent*:

"Some boys are just as promiscuous as young men ever were in any era. They go out for sex adventure, for thrills, for the sense of power it gives them. They like to brag about the number of girls with whom they have had (relations). Pursuit and conquest, the demonstration of irresistible maleness, usually makes a young fellow feel pretty big."

It sure does. At the bars of country clubs, fraternal lodges, and gin-mills all over the country, you'll hear the great, big, strapping "young fellows" up to age 50 childishly boasting about their conquests and graphically describing them.

These men's ego seem to visibly inflate as they awe their audience and put across the idea of their irresistible sex appeal and virility. No one seems to doubt that they're bona fide Don Juans.

But even as they boast and brag and act the swaggering male, an inner voice keeps telling them:

You're not the man you say you are. In fact, lover boy, you're not a man at all. END

MANHUNT FOR THE BUTCHER OF STALAG 13

(*Continued from page* 14)

they took some of the fun out of it for Hessler.

One by one they disappeared through the floor. The actual tunnel mouth was about eight feet down, running perpendicular to the shaft that started at the opening in the floor. One by one, all the noncoms were called over to survey the situation—to get the whole gruesome picture.

All six of the Texans were crowded back in their tunnel when Hessler told his gorillas, "Fill it up with dirt."

They were being buried in a grave of their own making!

The horrifying aspect of the whole thing was that it was all so quietly and calmly carried out. While the dirt was being shoveled down the hole, all we heard was the subdued mumble of the Texans' voices as they talked back and forth to each other up and down the tunnel. Then, as the dirt quickly covered the tunnel mouth, there was only silence.

There was no telling how soon they died, or, for that matter, just how they died when the time came. For days we talked about it, asking each other what it was like to suffocate in darkness, how long could six men last with a limited supply of dank air? And, we conjectured, in their last desperate moments, did they panic and try to claw to the surface?

In the days that followed the Texans' burial, Hessler walked among us smug and self-satisfied. But he wasn't getting his sadistic kicks the way he had expected when he concocted his demoniacal atrocity. The jackal derives small pleasure from his kill when the prey doesn't squeal.

But what he had done was eating away at us, too. The blood oath of vengeance was not a formal ritual. We talked about it only to the extent that given the chance, someday, somehow, one of us out of the 400 men crowded into Auswerstelle West would give it back in kind to this barbaric fiend.

What happened? Who the hell knows? By the time VE-Day was no longer an idle rumor, but a reality, Hessler and his killers were long gone from the prisoners-of-war camp—swallowed up somewhere in the chaos that followed the war. Investigations were made by a score of Army G-2 war crimes teams, but with no results. And then, as the months rolled by and the forgive-thine-enemy attitude became official policy, Hessler was forgotten. In 19 years he became, even for me and the others like me, only an ill-remembered nightmare that happened so long ago that you sometimes doubted whether it ever really did take place at all.

But Hessler and the corrosive loathing for him was not something entirely dead and buried, like the six Texans and the frozen corpses in the snow and the others who died horribly. I was almost happy to realize that I could still feel a bloodlust for this man after all this time, as I stood there at the supermarket counter and heard his voice echoing across 19 years.

He was chatting with the checkout girl, his voice calm, modulated and well-mannered. I stalled, fumbling with my packages until I heard his voice trail off as he walked out.

I figured that after all these years, I didn't have to be too careful about Hessler recognizing me. For anyone who knew him, who remembered him for the same reasons I had, he was easy to spot. But that wasn't necessarily the case with me. To him, I assumed, I was just one of 400 men, a kind of cross-section of American types that he saw replicas of all the time. Besides, 19 years had made considerable difference in my appearance. I was noticeably heavier than when he knew me, by a good 50 pounds. I wasn't just a tall skinny kid anymore. When I threw a punch these days, there was a lot of heft behind it. No, I said to myself, there wasn't a chance that Hessler would recognize me.

Only I was wrong!

It is the mark of the man who is part beast that, like the animal he imitates, he is endowed with certain inhuman instincts. Hessler was no exception. He left the supermarket and walked leisurely east across the parking lot toward Washington Avenue. Then, almost as if he had run into a wall, he stopped short. Without so much as a backward glance, he stiffened. It was as though he had caught my scent. His awareness of my presence was written all over his suddenly rigid frame.

He cut south, quickening his pace as he leaned into the autumn wind. His dark brown top coat flapped in the breeze. After walking one block south he pivoted at the corner and steamed west. This time he was headed in the general direction of the railroad tracks

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of the New York Central West Shore Line.

I dogged his footsteps. This wasn't a tail anymore, but hot pursuit. He knew it, and I knew it. It was broad daylight, and even if he ran, he wasn't going to lose me. But still, he picked up speed again, this time really stretching his legs and hitting a fast walk.

Once more he changed course, this time along the railroad tracks.

"Hessler, you Nazi slime!" I shouted. He broke into a trot, jumping the railroad ties like a well-trained football player. Then he veered and dashed wildly across a deserted lot, strewing the contents of his bag of groceries in his wake. I had already dumped mine by the tracks. I poured on the coal, racing after him in a sprint.

He was heading for a clump of trees when I reached out, grabbed his coattail, and spun him around in his tracks. He tumbled to the ground in a heap. Then he sat up as I stood over him.

"What do you want me for?" he demanded in his familiar arrogant tone.

I leaned close to him. "Your life, you bloodthirsty————. Right here, right now, man to man, *I'm going to kill you!"*

"Now wait — *bu-leeze* — wait," he whined. "There must be some mistake. I don't know you. What have you got against me?"

He really didn't recognize me after all. But I could tell by the twisted, terrified expression on his face that he understood why I was there, standing over him, determined to kill him.

Yet, I thought, it wasn't enough that he should die at the hands of an anonymous assailant. First, he had to know exactly why this half-crazed man towering over him lusted to spill his life's blood in an empty lot 4,000 miles from the scene of his hideous crimes.

"You miserable, crawling worm," I spat out at him as I grabbed his throat and began squeezing slowly. "Remember Auswerstelle West? Remember six Texans buried alive, two naked corpses lying in the snow, and a young kid named Fargas with his brain bashed to mush. Now do you want to know what it's all about?"

His face puffed up, and the dueling scar on his left cheek turned a livid purple. His breath was heavy and strained, what little there was of it, and his ugly mouth drooped down at the corners.

"My God, listen to me." It was a guttural sound, not a voice but a wail.

That was my mistake. I should have finished him off right then and there while the advantage was still mine. But the sudden taste of revenge was too sweet for me not to want to prolong it a few minutes longer. I loosened my grasp just enough to keep him from slipping off into the long sleep.

He bargained, whined and pleaded. "Look, I've got money in an account over at the bank—eight thousand dollars. I'll give it to you . . . *agh!"*

His hands reached for my wrists and I tightened up on his throat again. "Nothing doing. There isn't enough money in this world to buy me out of the pleasure of seeing you squirm in your death agony."

"But you've got to understand," he begged. "I had my orders. I was just a soldier like you . . . like all the rest of them."

This was getting better than I had hoped for. "You didn't take orders. You gave them. You and that filthy mind of yours thought up all those foul little ways to make men suffer and die."

I mashed my thumb into his Adams' apple.

"Bu-leeze, Mister . . . uh . . . Mister . . ."

"Slovat, you damn worm. Martin Slovat! The guy you made stand naked in the snow for twelve hours. The guy who crawled back to his barracks more dead than alive. The guy who saw all the filthy crimes you planned and carried out as a petty two-bit Hitler. That's who!" Now he knew who his executioner was.

He rambled on, stalling for a few more minutes of life that was precious even to this piece of human scum. He filled in some of the details of his escape from punishment at the hands of the occupation forces. He had gone underground after VE-Day. Then, in 1949, he'd been picked up and tried by a German court for black market dealings during and after the war. His prisoner-of-war camp history wasn't even included in the court record.

When the trial was over, he drew a six months' sentence. When he was discharged from prison, he still had a cache of loot left over from his illegal operations. With that and a changed identity, he signed on as a steward on a Dutch merchant ship. After half a dozen crossings, he jumped ship in New York and settled in Dumont, New Jersey.

His plea became more desperate. His time was running out, and as much as I enjoyed watching him squirm, it was time to cash in his chips. But I had waited a moment too long.

His right fist came up and hit me square between the eyes like a pile driver. My grip on his throat loosened. He sprang to his feet and we fought it out toe to toe. He was a big man, a real superman type, even bigger than me. But I still thought I had a double advantage over him—he didn't have all his wind back, and I had a damned-up thirst for revenge in my corner.

It looked as though he was wearing down fast when it happened.

He threw one last punch with everything he had. It caught me on the side of the face and rocked me back on my heels. He bolted and ran across the lot toward the tracks. Then I got what looked like a real break. A freight train roared down the tracks and cut off his escape. I bore down on him.

I'll say this much for him, when the chips were down he had his own special brand of guts born of desperation. He took one last look at me zeroing in on him, and leaped under the passing cars. I was sure he was going to get sliced in two, but he missed the wheels and lay flat, cheek down hugging the ties. He grinned up at me as if to say, not this time, Slovat, not this time.

I reached in after him, quickly pulling my arm back as a rolling boxcar came close as a hair's length to cutting it off. He had the advantage now. One more foolish move like that and I'd be out of business.

He must have read my thoughts, because he grinned at me and then laughed out loud. Then he timed his rolling leap perfectly. The long freight had two or three more minutes to go, as he cut across the lot on the other side and headed back toward the center of town. By the time I reached Washington Avenue, he had disappeared. I scoured the town until dusk but could find no sign of him.

But it wasn't going to end here. I made up my mind to that. I now knew what it felt like to have my fingers around his throat, and I wasn't going to be satisfied until the whole job was done.

Everything else could wait. I took time off from work—just walked into the foreman's shack the next morning and told him not to look for me until he saw me again. I'd be back on the job when I could. If the spot was waiting when and if I returned, fine. If it wasn't, well, that was okay too.

It took me two weeks to cover the town's rooming houses, apartments and hotel. Finally, I found where he had been staying. It was a rooming house not far from where we had slugged it out. His landlady, a talkative old biddy who lived on her income from letting out rooms and her husband's policeman's pension, looked at the calendar hanging on the kitchen door and pinpointed the day he had lighted out.

"Lessee now," she counted back the days. "He came home on Thursday afternoon. Said somebody had mugged him. About an hour later, he was back down the stairs, wearin' a change of clothes and carryin' his bag. Said he was leavin' town an' wouldn't be needin' the room no more."

"Did he say where he was going?" I asked.

She shook her head. Then followed a long series of questions without any of the answers. A blind alley that led nowhere until she said, "He was a queer egg. Pretty much kept to himself all the time. I don't even know where he worked. But there was one night he came home with a load on. Only time I ever seen him in a friendly mood. Talked a blue streak, if I remember. Anyway, he said something about a couple of relatives out west somewheres. I think he said South Dakota."

That was as good as knowing nothing at all. I had a life-size picture of myself tramping the back roads of South Dakota for the rest of my life. I got up to leave.

"South Dakota's a pretty big state to try to find a man in," I complained bitterly.

There was a kind of blank look on her wrinkled face. "That's right, it is a state, isn't it? Funny, I always thought it was a city. Maybe it wasn't South Dakota he was talkin' about after all. Seems it was a city of some sort."

Way in the back of my mind a little bell began ringing. It couldn't end this way, I thought. I tried to bring up the lost memory of something that had happened a long time ago. Something Hessler had said. Something that tied him to a town—no, a city—somewhere out in the Midwest.

My own geographical knowledge was considerably better than the old woman's, and I probed back. Then I remembered that October morning in the camp right after breakfast. Hessler had called us out for one of his tirades on why he didn't like the way we were handling ourselves. There was one part that stuck in my mind. It went something like: "You Americans are all a bunch of fools. You think you will win the war. But you're too weak, in the mind and in the bodies. You're like my mother's family. They immigrated to America forty years ago. And now they're nothing more than a herd of fat, lazy sheep, worshipping the great American dollar and living off the fat of the land in . . ."

He mentioned the place that day 19 years ago, while he strutted up and down our ranks, baiting us. A grandmother,

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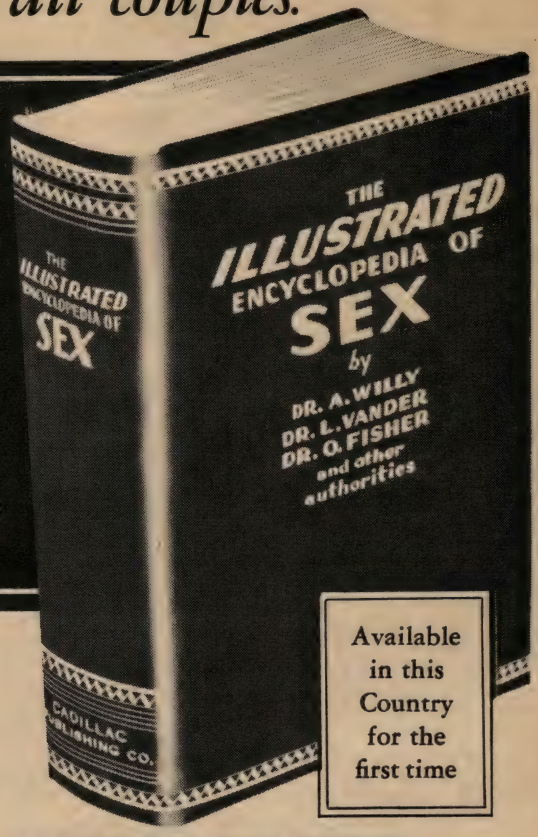

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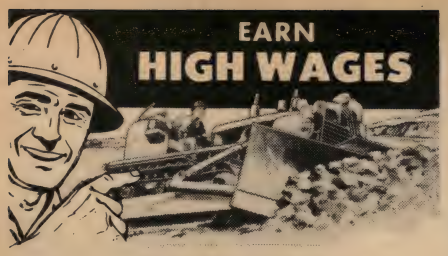

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uncles, a couple of cousins born there, living somewhere in the Midwest. I beat my head with my fist, hoping to drive the exact words back in the open. "South" something, I recalled. Then it hit me. St. Louis . . . *South St. Louis.* A whole colony of German immigrants, some of them dating their exoduses from the old country way back to the mid-19th Century. Most of them second, third, fourth and fifth generation Americans now.

In less than five hours, I had packed my bag, withdrawn $500 I had in the bank, caught a bus to New York, and was on the night train to St. Louis.

This had to be it, I told myself. It was the only lead I was ever going to get. I ached for revenge. All the time I traveled in the coach, I stared straight ahead, rocking with the rhythm of the train, hoping to egg it on faster and faster toward my rendezvous with destiny. And as I rode, some of the hideous memories came back into focus.

Like the solitary confinement all of us, every one of the lost 400 American soldiers, had to endure at least once during our hitch under Hessler. A foul place, an abandoned potato cellar built too close to the latrines, where the liquid ooze of human waste oozed through the walls until you were ankle-deep in it. Until the third day in this black hole, maybe you had strength enough to stand or sit up, but by the fourth morning you were too exhausted to do anything but lie down in the pool of human filth.

Or the morning, the only time that Hessler's batting average dropped, when he counted noses and found four men missing. In 20 minutes he and his goons located the tunnel and followed it to its exit just outside the barbed-wire fence. He immediately turned the dogs loose; fast, murderous Dobermans, that would track a man for 25 miles on the dead run.

Then he lined us up in front of the barracks and selected four men at random and personally put a bullet through their heads. And when the last of the four had slumped over, and his body muscles had halted their death-throe thrashings, Hessler bellowed at us: "And pray to your Almighty God that the dogs catch the others, or there will be worse than that coming to four more of you. It'll be a lesson none of you will ever forget."

At sunup the next morning, the dogs and searching parties returned empty-handed to camp. Our emotions were mixed—glad that four of us had broken free, but panic-stricken over what was in store for us now that Hessler's perfect record was spoiled.

He didn't make us wait long. Again the lineup in the compound. Again four more men chosen to step forward. These he herded into the dog-run alongside the south sentry post. A dozen Dobermans were turned loose on them, and there before our very eyes we saw four American GI's torn to bits by the kill-crazy beasts. But even then, none of us could hate these sleek killers. It was their nature, they were trained to rip out a man's jugular vein with a lightning thrust. But Hessler—that was another matter entirely. In theory he was a human being like the rest of us. But as one Georgia boy summed it up that morning, "His ma must have mated with a rattlesnake."

These were the thoughts, and many more, that ran through my mind as the clack of the rails ticked off the miles to St. Louis. They were the reasons why, 400 good reasons why, it had to be St. Louis.

But I had my job cut out for me. Arriving at St. Louis' Union Station in the early afternoon, I picked up a map of the city from the cigarette counter and took a good look at the problem that confronted me. St. Louis was no Dumont, N. J. South St. Louis itself covered a lot of territory. Too much territory, really, for one man, no matter how dedicated he might be about his murderous mission.

It was his mother's family, Hessler had said. So there was no chance to trace him through any known name in the phone book.

For the first 10 days I simply wandered aimlessly about the south end of town, getting nowhere and spending more money than I could afford. Another week went by, and more tramping the streets, doubling back on myself in a dazed, pointless search that wouldn't have turned him up if I'd had an army with me.

After the third week I sat in my hotel room on Sixth Street, and took stock of the situation. My dough was running out fast. Between the train fare and weekly expenses for food, room and transportation, I was down to less than 200 clams. At the rate I was going, I'd be running out of cash long before I latched on to so much as the barest lead. My problem reduced itself to two simple elements—one, I had to find some way to make a living to pay expenses and, two, I needed to simplify my method of operation to make the most of my free time.

The first problem was easy enough to solve. I took a job slinging hash in a beanery downtown in the business district off Olive Street. That left my evenings free. But I couldn't canvass the streets of South St. Louis all night long. Sooner or later some sharp-eyed cop was bound to begin asking questions and the next thing I'd know I'd be up on a vagrancy or loitering charge. I didn't want any cops in on this deal.

I reduced my area of operations down to two focal points—a couple of good old-fashioned beer gardens on the south side of town, complete with German dance orchestras and larded *herrs* and overstuffed *hausfraus* serving at the tables.

Again the old memory began to click. You don't survive for months on end with a monster like Hessler without learning something about the man, his likes and dislikes. And there was, I recalled, three things he enjoyed almost as much as breaking a man's back—beer, Bavarian polkas and pretty women. Where, I reasoned, but in an Americanized substitute for the German beerhall would he find those three in combination.

There were several of them at that end of town. I narrowed it down to two as offering just about the perfect formula for Hessler's tastes. Every night I shuttled between the two places, but concentrated my attention on a popular spot over on Gravois.

I followed a simple pattern: I took up a position at the crowded bar just off the dance floor of one of the two possible haunts, stayed there for about an hour nursing a beer or two, then hopped a cab, a different one each time, and wheeled over to beerhall Number Two. I lingered there for about a half hour or so, then went back to the other spot. From about seven o'clock till one in the morning. I'd hit both places a minimum of three times a night.

I remained as inconspicuous as possible, which wasn't hard in these two crowded places. There were no conversations with anyone, not even the bartender. No queries, and no chance for

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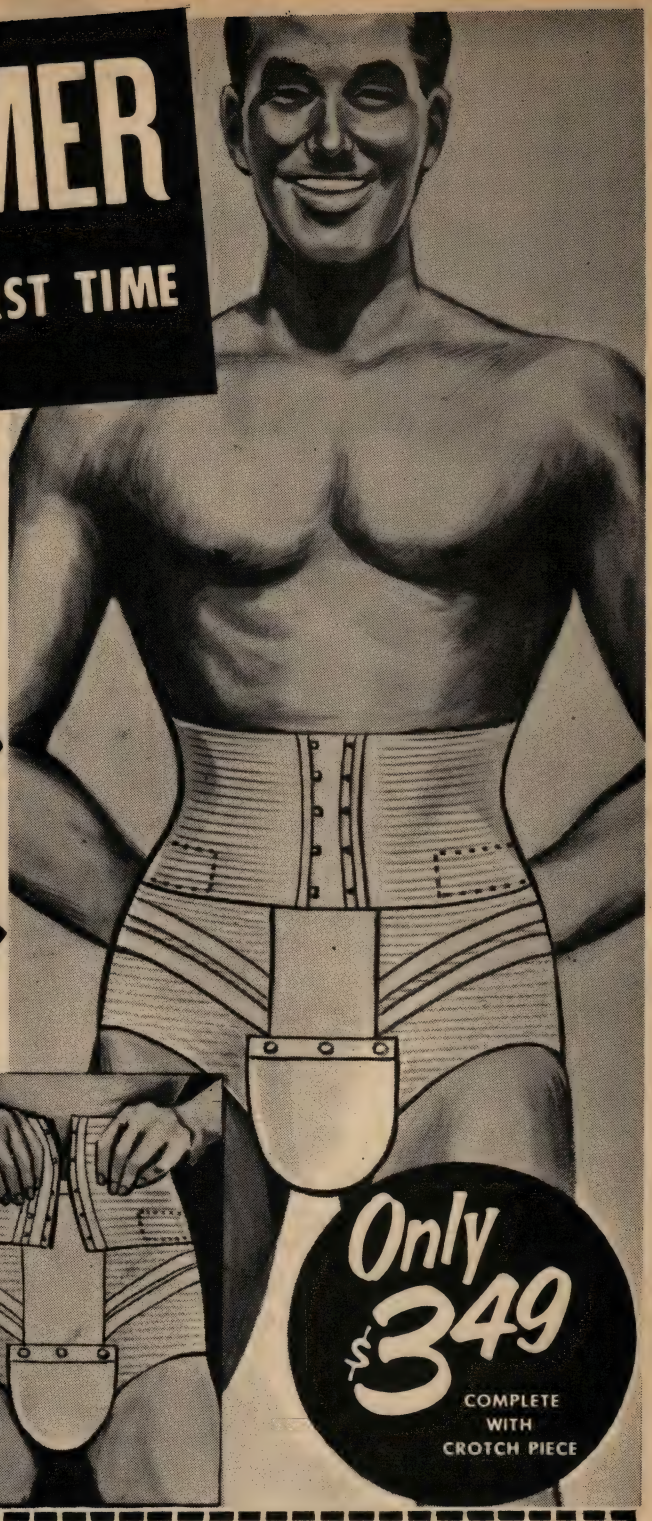

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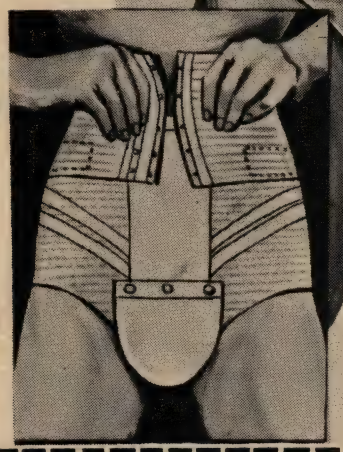

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identification at some later date after I had finished what I'd come for. As often as possible, I varied my dress, sometimes wearing a topper, sometimes a wool jacket. One day I might have the beginning of a beard, the next I'd be clean-shaven, the next, the bristles of a mustache would sprout on my upper lip.

Some of the killer instinct was beginning to rub off on me. No matter how discouraged I got, especially after about a month of this, I still knew if I stuck it out long enough, somehow, some time, that miserable creep would show.

During those long, lonely vigils, I thought of nothing else than the moment that Hessler would walk through one of those doors. Some nights I'd stand off in a corner, apart from the noise and the jostling, sipping my beer and just fingering the warm, sweat-oiled .45 automatic in my pocket (another reason why I couldn't chance a run-in with the cops). I'd snap the safety catch on and off and concentrate, trying by the sheer force of my will alone to materialize him in the opening door.

My whole body vibrated with the hate of this man. Most nights, after I'd gone back to my hotel, I couldn't get to sleep for hours. Visions of him dead in the street, face down in the gutter in a pool of his own blood, danced before my eyes in a never-ending kaleidoscope. The way I felt then, I'd have stuck it out for an eternity. But as it worked out, Hessler's borrowed time was running out, like sand through an hour glass.

I had gotten my fifth weekly paycheck from the boss of the hash house on a Saturday night, had donned my blue wool jacket and had hailed a cab for the beer garden over on Gravois. At the bar, the barkeep walked over and asked me what I'd have—a good sign that I still wasn't familiar to him. I ordered a beer and pulled up a stool. The place was beginning to fill up when I left my half-empty glass on the bar and made a trip to the men's room.

I couldn't have been gone more than five minutes, when I returned and reached for the beer. As I did, something in the ashtray caught my eye. It was a book match split halfway up the middle. A feeling of exultation spread over me.

"Hessler!" I hissed audibly through clenched teeth. With all his fine, stalwart Prussian looks, Hessler had one problem, and as a result, one habit that I remembered from way back. He had lousy teeth. I think a couple of back ones had been extracted, because the front ones had spread. Bits of food were always getting caught in the spaces, and he would pick these out with the split match. Sure, I told myself, there must be a lot of people in the world with the same habit. But this match was Hessler's. It had to be! Don't ask me what sixth sense told me it was. I just knew it.

He was in the beer garden somewhere. I could smell him—so help me God!

I threw off the safety on the automatic and slowly turned around. He wasn't in the bar. That figured. The dance floor, where the stagline ogled the local lovelies, was more his meat.

I sidled up to the entrance to the large, gaily decorated room. A polka was being ground out by the tyrolean-garbed five-man orchestra. In the corner, on the other side of the room, I spotted the back of his head. He was seated at a table with another man, a tall blond character in his late 30's.

I must have looked pretty grim bearing down on them. Hessler's companion looked up and his mouth sagged open. I put my arm on Hessler's shoulder, jammed the pocketed automatic into his side and whispered in his ear so that only he could hear me: "Okay, Hessler, this is it. Excuse yourself and come with me. One wrong move and I'll kill you right here. And if you think I won't, just try me."

The blood drained from his face. I could tell by the look on his face that he knew I meant business and would send a bullet crashing into his brain if he so much as blinked. To hell with what might come afterward.

He stammered a "Pardon me," to his companion, adding, "An old friend from my sailing days. He . . . he has some private business he wants to talk over with me."

His fear-flushed face was a dead give-away. We walked arm and arm to the door, and for that moment, it looked as though we'd be able to leave the place without any trouble. But Hessler's big blond friend was nobody's dope. He sensed something was up.

He caught us at the door. "What kind of business you got with my cousin?" he demanded.

The automatic was still in Hessler's side. You poor, simple goof, I thought. A clean, decent guy like you has no business sticking his nose into this ugly mess. There was no telling what kind of a story Hessler had told him about his past. Chances were he glossed over the bloody parts, and this poor oaf, through some misguided sense of family loyalty, was all set to play the big hero for his cousin.

I worked him over with three quick shots—a kick in the shins, a vicious jab into his solar plexus as he bent down in agony, and a rabbit punch on the back of his neck. He went down with a thud.

Hessler lurched toward the door, but I was right after him and nailed him as he hit the sidewalk. A cruising cab was pulling up to the curb.

I slapped the muzzle against his ribs. "Get in and keep your mouth shut," I ordered.

He opened the cab door and stepped in. I followed.

The hackie didn't even turn around as I gave him instructions to head downtown in the general direction of the river. I had no real idea where I was taking him, but I knew I'd figure out a spot in the time it took us to get from the south end of Gravois to the muddy Mississippi.

He tooled the cab through the early evening traffic. Hessler's shoulder brushed mine, and I could feel his body convulse in uncontrollable tremblings.

"Take a good look around you, Hessler," I taunted, "because this sightseeing tour is the last one you're gonna have this side of hell."

He shook like a man with malaria fever chills.

We rode like that for half an hour, and then up ahead I saw the perfect spot—the 12th Street Overpass right near J. C. Penny's. It was deserted.

"Pull over here," I told the driver.

"This is a long way from the river," he said. "Sure you wanna get out here?"

"Yeah, we can walk the rest of the way." I was surprised at the calmness of my voice. "Nice night for a walk."

"Nice night for anything," he said, taking the fare and glancing up at the clear sky. "A nice night just to be alive."

Hessler groaned at the cruel, uninten-

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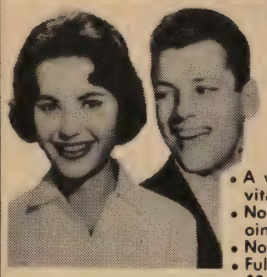

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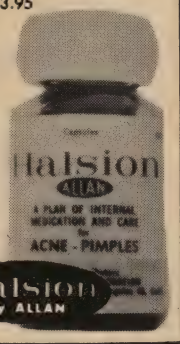

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tional joke. The cabbie sped off into the night.

"Now's your last chance, Hessler," I said, pointing up the deserted street. "Just about a block that way, beyond the overpass, is police headquarters. Want to make a break for it?"

"You can't kill me in cold blood," he bleated.

"In a minute, you crumb, you're gonna find out how wrong you are."

I pushed him ahead of me.

I surveyed the overpass and the street north and south. Nobody in sight. Not a soul. We walked slowly over the cement bridge, and I let Hessler get a good look at the railroad tracks below.

"It's like peering into your own grave, isn't it," I teased unmercifully.

He shook his head hopelessly. He was still trembling. At the north end of the overpass a stairway led down to the tracks.

"Don't get any ideas and try to pull what you did that last time. I didn't have a gun then."

He reacted like a frightened rabbit each time I prodded him down the steps. He wasn't saying anything. Paralyzed with fear, I guess. I did most of the talking.

"You know Hessler, it just occurred to me that you may get to see the inside of police headquarters before this night is over."

He didn't understand, but his eyes darted around hopefully.

"Yeah," I said. "I understand that's where they have the city morgue."

I had backed him into a corner in the shadows beneath the overpass.

"My God, have you no heart?" he begged.

"You're wrong on both counts," I hissed. "One, you have no God, and if you did, he'd have given up on you a long time ago. Two, where the likes of you are concerned, not even a saint could show any mercy."

Hessler was sweating. The tiny globules danced in the meager light. The mark of the wounded, soon-to-die animal was on him. I pulled out the automatic and leveled it at his belly. My index finger tightened on the trigger.

But somehow it seemed too easy a way for him to die. That wasn't the way he would have done it if the tables had been turned. It wasn't the way he *had* done it when he was top dog. I jammed the automatic back into my pocket and rammed my fist into his gaping mouth. I was going to finish him off with my bare hands around his throat, so I could feel the life pour out of him, know the exact moment when the last flicker of existence left him.

He rained hard, heavy blows on my groin, but I didn't feel them. All I felt was the limitless glory and rightness of what I was about to do.

But then, like all the cards were suddenly falling his way, fate dealt him aces back-to-back. A passing freight, just like the last time when we stood toe-to-toe, and he saw his chance. He was down on one knee. I hesitated and then I saw it—a switchblade glistening, and his bulletlike thrust that lashed at my arm and hit home. I hadn't figured on that, not bothering to frisk him because I assumed he felt safe in the bosom of his family. God, how stupid can you get!

I grabbed my arm. It was a flesh wound, but enough to slow me down. Hessler darted out across the tracks and headed for the freight train.

The rotten fiendish luck! I cursed. He'd get away again!

He hurdled a track, then another, and then—just as he poised to leap under the train—he stumbled and broke his stride. He hurtled forward, all off balance, and shot under the train. His head, arms and torso made it, but both his legs were sawed off right below the groin. They lay at the side of the tracks like two rag-wrapped logs.

His stunted body under the passing train rolled onto the ties. He was bleeding, sure, but the car wheels had pinched his wounds just enough so he didn't die on the spot. He was alive and, worse than that, conscious and in horrible pain. I could hear his agonized screams above the roar of the freight.

He motioned to me. At first I couldn't make out what he was driving at. I was so fascinated, hypnotized by the look of excruciating pain on his tormented face. Then I caught on. He was begging me to put a bullet through his head.

"Nothin' doin'," I shouted. It was me who grinned back this time and shook my head.

It was a long train, and the agony was driving him out of his mind. He beat his fists against the bloody stumps where his legs once had been. I couldn't have gotten to him to help him, even if I'd had a mind to.

He was thrashing now. His body reflexes, short-circuited by the pain, whipped his arm out straight in a muscular spasm. The freight wheels rolled on inexorably and cut his arm off above the elbow—neat, like a butcher cutting a chop.

I couldn't have planned a better way for him to die, not in my wildest imaginings.

The caboose rolled past and the night's silence of a sleeping town engulfed us . . . . all except for Hessler's whimper growing fainter and fainter. Nothing I could have done then or before ever would have saved him.

"Can you hear me Hessler?" I whispered low in his ear.

He nodded.

I stood up and leered down at him, like I'd seen him do so many times at moments like this. The last words he heard on the face of this earth were mine—*"Heil Hitler, you slimy Nazi!"*

That was his sendoff.

I took the steps two at a time and headed back to the hotel, pausing only long enough to look at myself in a store window. I didn't seem to mussed up. The knife wound had bled, but was clotting fast.

There wasn't a train out until the next afternoon, so I holed up in the hotel until noon and then checked out. At Union Station, the headline on page three read: "A Gruesome Accident." Beneath it, in the news story, was a detailing of what was left of Hessler. The cousin had been quizzed by police, but his description of me was way off base. Besides, the few bruises they found on him had only indicated that sometime during the evening he had been in a fight. There were no theories as to why he was in the freightyard. And no evidence to indicate that he had been thrown under the train by some one.

I dropped the paper in a trash basket, strode confidently to the train and swung aboard.

"A Gruesome Accident," they'd said. And legally—or at least morally—you could say it was just that . . . a gruesome accident brought on by himself, with only a slight nudge from the fates and an ex-GI who couldn't forget.

A lot of guys would rest easier in their graves from that day on. END

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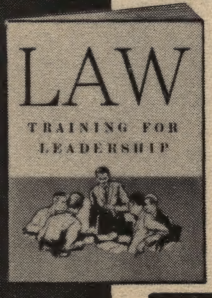

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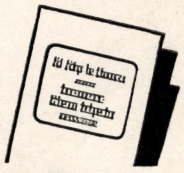

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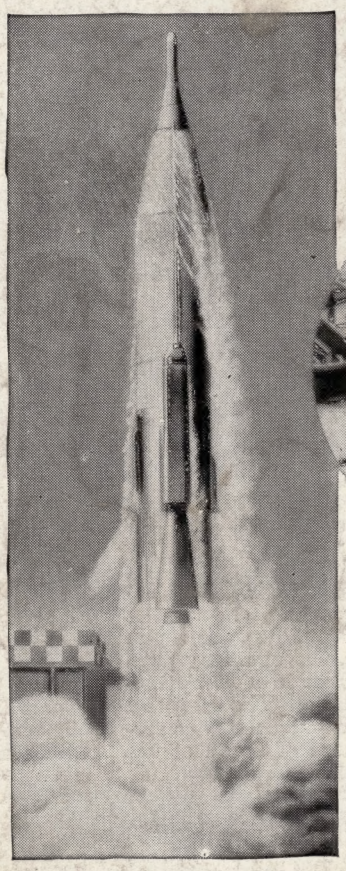

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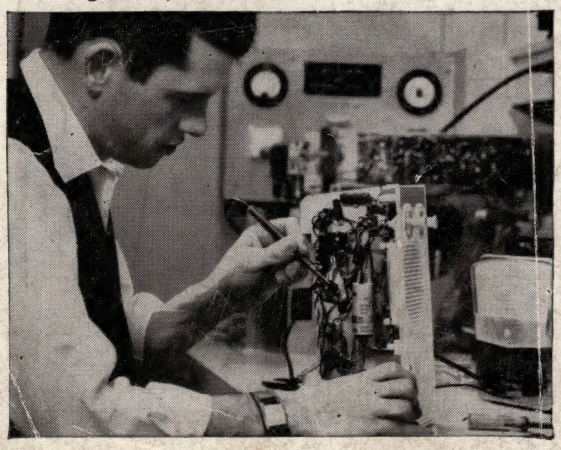

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